

The Notre Dame Scholastic

A LITERARY—NEWS WEEKLY

PUBLISHED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

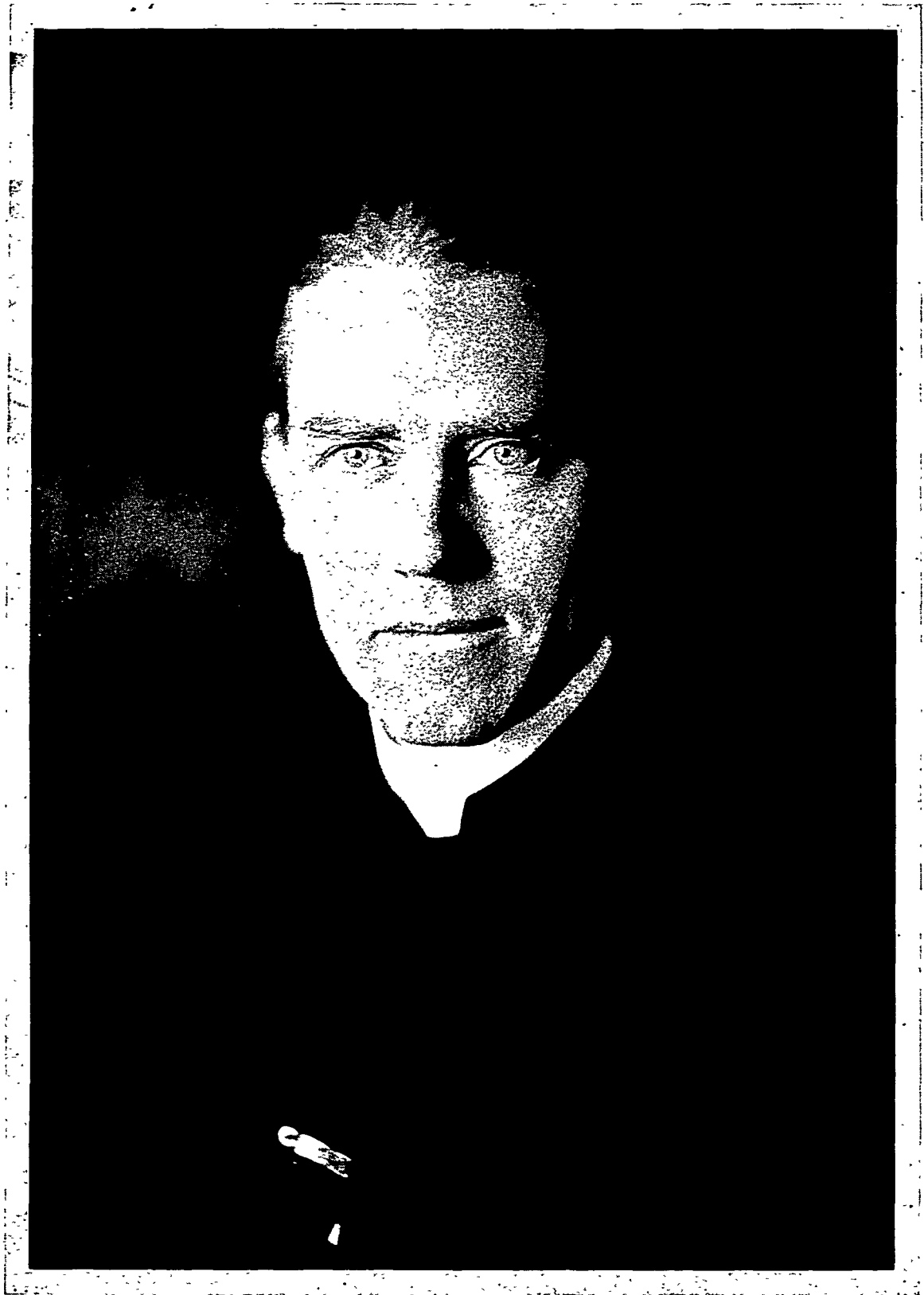
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Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus

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*Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C. S. C., Ph.D.
President of the University*

... THE WEEK ...

*"My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on;
Judge not the play before the play is done:
Her plot hath many changes; every day
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns
the play."*



J. E. ARMSTRONG a patient looker-on when your activities are closely and almost inseparably woven into the swirl about you. The impulse to trust your incomplete judgment and to align yourself with one or another force has at times been urgent. These were the occasions when the discipline, the diet, or the decision of a professor had aroused your wrath, when

*"... Heaven is overcast,
And Spring and Summer both are past,
And all things sweet."*

Then have you found the truth, that "her plot hath many changes." A bright sun lighted the ensuing day, abetted in its brightening by perhaps a better meal, a high grade, a pleasant diversion, or a letter from—someplace. It is this constant variety of days that marks College Life as a delightful thing apart. Nowhere is this more true than at Notre Dame. Each day

How true and varied are the applications that may be made of this little "Epigram" by Francis Quarles. It is applicable to life in its entirety, or life in its separate phases. Here let it refer to the short drama that we call our College Life.

speaks a new scene—to the mind, to the heart, to the body, and, most wonderful of all, to the soul.

The way that Notre Dame men may travel under the shadow of the Dome is the broad highway that leads to all the happiness of earth and Heaven. Each day presents an opportunity to explore new realms more vast than the unknown spaces traversed by early explorers.

Often the way has been rough. There are trials in the pioneering of thought as there were trials in the pioneering of new lands. And many have lost the fulness of their intellectual lives because they were unable to withstand the difficulties that the new fields presented. But those who have persisted have enjoyed the thrill of conquest and realize what it must have meant to those rugged explorers of "stand silent on a peak in Darien."

But now the last act of this play is near its end. And now we thank the fortune that prevented us from giving way to the hasty judgments that so often threatened us in the earlier acts. The details that our pen would have condemned as irrelevant now take on undreamed of significance. What we considered as pure comedy, and often poor comedy, appears now in a new light with an undertone of seriousness that tempers it to the fineness of art. The actors that were so crude to our critical gaze have long since lost their crudeness and have melted into their parts with the intensity of real life.

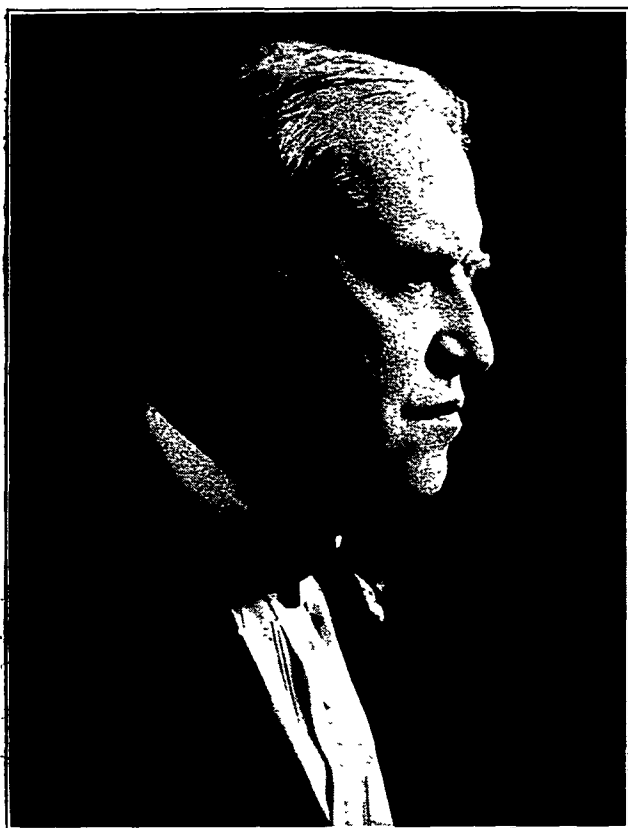
If life is as this phase of it has been, no better rule for living it could be following than this brief Epigram.

The 1925 Commencement

EDMOND H. MOORE



DMOND H. MOORE, who is to deliver the Commencement Address tomorrow afternoon, is a native son of Ohio and was born in Milton in 1862. He received his early education and training in



the public schools. Mr. Moore studied law with his father, Alexander F. Moore, one of the early pioneer lawyers of Ohio. He was admitted to the Ohio bar in 1884. He began the practice of his profession in Youngstown, and has been, at various times, a member of the leading law firms of that city.

Mr. Moore is regarded by Ohio attorneys as the peer of Ohio trial lawyers. He has appeared in every court in the state and the higher courts of the United States in many of the important cases of great public interest. At the trial table he is regarded as the ablest, most sagacious and most versatile of all lawyers.

At the age of twenty-nine he was Mayor of Youngstown, and was subsequently State Superintendent of Insurance of Ohio.

He has since 1912 been a member of the Democratic National Committee from Ohio.

Mr. Moore has always been contented to

be a private citizen, so that he might pursue, to the fullest extent, his great love for the practice of law, and has repeatedly refused to offer himself for gubernatorial or senatorial nominations.

He is at present senior member of the largest law firm in Youngstown, to wit: Moore, Barnum & Hammond, and of the Cleveland law firm of Moore, Mahon, Miller & Moore.

He is a member of the American Bar Association, Ohio State Bar Association, Mahoning and Cuyahoga Bar Association.

—N D S—

EUSTACE CULLINAN, SR.

The man who is to be the chief speaker at the Alumni dinner tonight has the rather unusual distinction of having been a distinguished student in three different colleges. Eustace Cullinan, Sr., came to Notre Dame in 1893 after having spent two years in St. Ignatius College, San Francisco. After his graduation from Notre Dame in 1895 he entered the University of California and received his law degree there.



In journalism, Mr. Cullinan has been associated with the San Francisco *Bulletin* and with the San Francisco *Call*. In law he is a member of the firm of Cullinan and Hickey

with offices in the Phelan Building in San Francisco. That he has been, for many years, Administration Counsel for the city of San Francisco, is one evidence of Mr. Cullinan's success in the practice of law.

In addition he has been very active in politics. When Senator Hiram Johnson was running for the presidency in 1920 he had, in Mr. Cullinan, one of his strongest aids.

Mr. Cullinan is a director of the Liberty Bank of San Francisco and President of the San Francisco Stock Exchange.

—ND S—

RT. REV. SAMUEL A. STRITCH, D. D.

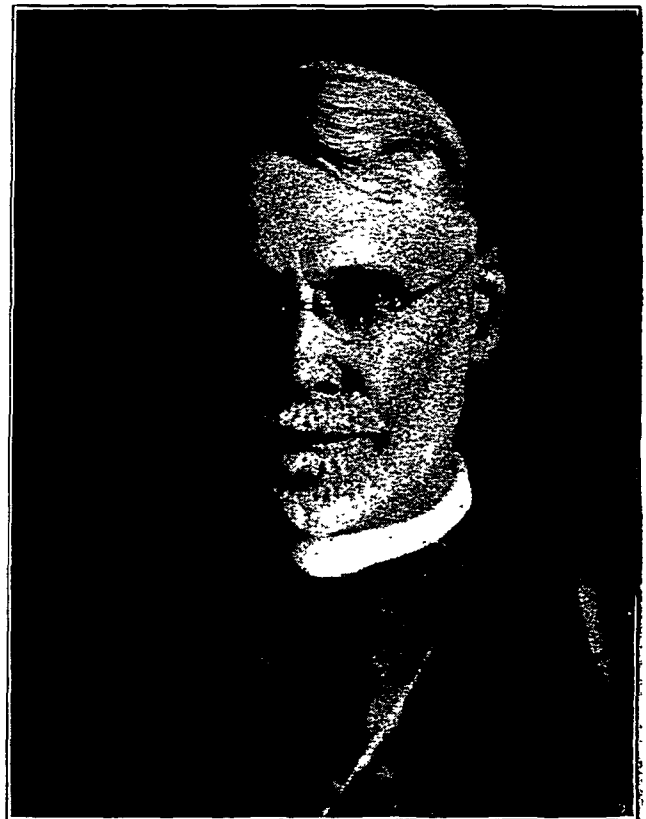
The Re. Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, D. D., celebrant of the Solemn Pontifical Mass to-morrow, was ordained in Rome in 1910 after extensive study at home and abroad, culminating in his receiving the degrees of A. B., Ph. D., and St. T. D. From 1910 until 1915 Father Stritch served as a pastor in Nashville and in Memphis. In 1915 he was appointed Chancellor of the diocese of Nashville. Further honors came to him in 1921: first, when the Holy Father made him a



Domestic Prelate with the title of Monsignor, and again when in August he was chosen Bishop of Toledo. His solemn consecration took place on November 30, 1921.

RT. REV. PHILIP R. McDEVITT, D. D.

The Rt. Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, D. D., who is to deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon to-morrow morning and receive the honorary



degree of Doctor of Laws to-morrow afternoon, was ordained a priest on July 14, 1885, after having had his theological training at St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa.

In 1899 he became Superintendent of Parish Schools in the diocese of Philadelphia and served in that office until his appointment to the bishopric of Harrisburg in 1916. To celebrate his Silver Anniversary Mass at the bedside of his mother who was 93 years old, was the extraordinary distinction that came to Father McDevitt in 1910. In August of the same year he was made a Domestic Prelate with the title of Monsignor.

His outstanding capabilities recognized, Monsignor McDevitt was appointed Bishop of Harrisburg on July 10, 1916. He has governed that diocese with excellent foresight and ability ever since.

In addition to his other duties, Bishop McDevitt has served as President of the Parish School Department of the Catholic Educational Association, as Vice-President of the Playground Association of Philadelphia, and as President of the American Catholic Historical Society.

To the Senior Class, 1925



F OLD so precious was a book that key
 And lock were put upon it, to withhold
 Its treasured lettering against the mold
 And dull erasure of the years. . . But see
 How artfully this pen, how lovingly
 This prayerful brush their age-old lore unfold,
 How in rich azure tracery enscribed
 This poet's dream, a golden filagree!
 . . . Dust is the golden brush; the artful hand
 Is vanished as the insubstantial air;
 The book lies open now; its azures pale
 Before the noonbright day. What can withstand
 Time's blurring light? . . . The dream, the vision, the
 prayer;
 These only through the ages shall prevail.

Look on this newmade page, and, otherwise,
 As is the wont of us in human way,
 Smile as you've often smiled an idle day
 To see the labored script that faded lies
 Writ on an ancient vellum. . . Yes, but sighs
 Shadow that smiling now; these thoughts that play
 Freshly across this glistening sheet array
 More than the living present for your eyes.
 . . . The past is here already! Turn the page—
 Or here or there, mark you how swift the time
 Runs from the moment to the hour. The past
 Is here already!—Youth, and sudden. . . age!
 Turn back! Turn back! I write my little rhyme
 To catch your heart before the lock is fast.

—*Charles Phillips.*

The Alumni Reunion

The second Reunion is now in progress. After many months of preparation it is unfolding itself in such a manner that it might well be held as a criterion for Reunions to come.

Last year the first official Reunion was held. Members of classes whose numbers ended in "4" or in "9" met—and had a great time. This year Alumni whose class numbers end in "5" and in "0" meet. This Reunion brings together some of the greatest and most famous of Notre Dame's graduates.

The class of '90 is outstanding. Part of the list of Alumni of '90 occurs to one. Beginning with the Alumni who are more intimately connected with Notre Dame than any of their fellow classmen are Father James French, C. S. C., of the Mission Band and Father John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., former President of the University and Notre Dame's famous orator. Among others of '90 are Mr. Harry Jewett, President of the Paige Motor Company of Detroit and Mr. Wm. P. McFee of Denver prominent among the lumber kings of the West. He who invented "Meehanite," a metal valuable in structural and railroad work is an alumnus of '90. The inventor's name is Augustus Meehan, of Chattanooga, President of the Ross-Meehan Foundries and a member of numerous boards of directors of Southern banking institutions. There is Charles Pacquette of Chicago, the President of the White Construction Company, and Honorable Thomas McKeon of Duluth, famous as a jurist. This is Judge McKeon's first visit to his Alma Mater since his graduation. The class of '90 is under the direction of Mr. L. P. Chute, who is prominent among the realtors of Minneapolis.

The class of '95 is distinguished in that it brings men from America's Atlantic and Pacific coasts. There is Honorable Daniel P. Murphy of Rockaway, N. J., the counsel for the "4-One" Box Machine Makers. Much of Mr. Murphy's energy has been spent in making this Reunion a success. And from the Pacific coast comes Mr. Eustace Cullinan

of San Francisco, who is prominent in California Catholic affairs. Since 1902, Mr. Cullinan has been the attorney for the Public Administration of San Francisco. It is he who has been selected as Alumni speaker at the Alumni Banquet. From his bench as Judge of the District Court at Charleston, W. Va., comes Honorable Arthur P. Hudson. Mr. Peter White has traveled from Ida Grove, Iowa, to see his son Jack White graduated. Another distinction for '95 is that at least two of its members are seeing their sons graduated with this year's class. Both Mr. Peter White and Mr. Eustace Cullinan have this pleasure.

Those of '00 who are here are Mr. Frank O'Shaughnessy of Chicago; James P. Fogarty of Philadelphia, formerly President of the Notre Dame Club of Philadelphia; Mr. James F. Murphy of Rock Island; and Honorable John Eggeman of Fort Wayne, a Notre Dame football captain.

Of '05 there is Mr. Daniel O'Connor of Chicago at one time President of the Notre Dame Club of Chicago and now the Reunion chairman of '05.

The class of '10 is priestly and athletic. Rev. Michael Moriarty of Wooster, Ohio, distinguished himself on Notre Dame's track. And there is Father George Finnegan, C.S.C. and Father Walter Lavin, C. S. C. who are well known on the campus of '25. "Red" Miller of Cleveland is here too. Others of this same class are Edward Lynch of Toledo, Barney Kelly of Milwaukee, James P. Kenefick of Michigan City, Ind. Dr. J. H. Roth of Kankakee, and H. McDonagh of Chicago.

Rupe Mills and Joseph Byrne of Newark, N. J.; Ray Eichenlaub of Columbus, Ohio, and the Notre Dame football team; Joseph Pliska the footballer from Waukesha, Wis., Judge Larry La Joie of Detroit; Howard Rohan of Cincinnati; Thomas Shaughnessy, Mark Duncan and Jim Sanford, all of Chicago; Edward Duggan of Franklin, Ind.; Bill Mooney of Indianapolis; and Robert Roach of Muscatine, Ia.; these are only a few

of '15's men who are now on the campus for the Reunion.

It would appear that this year's Reunion brings together all of Notre Dame's famous Alumni. That is not so. Other Alumni are here whose names are renowned. For instance there's Mr. Hugh A. O'Donnell, '94, the President of the Alumni Association and Assistant Business Manager of the New York *Times*. Mr. John P. Murphy, '12, of Cleveland, the counsel for the Van Sweringen interests is present. Leroy J. Keack, '08

of Indianapolis is renowned as a commission man. And all the way from Nashville, N. C., comes Colonel Ferdinand E. Kuhn, "the father of The Knights of Columbus" in the South.

"Doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs," are here for the Reunion. The gentlemen named above are only a few that Notre Dame welcomes. There are many more that she proudly greets with the welcome that is characteristic of the world's most lovable alma mater.

The 1925 Laetare Medal Award

The University of Notre Dame to Albert Francis Zahm—Greeting

SIR,

In the year 1883, Father Edward Sorin, Founder of the University of Notre Dame, and his associates, established the Laetare Medal, to be awarded each year on Laetare Sunday to some member of the American Catholic laity distinguished by notable achievement in religion, art, literature, science, philanthropy, public service, or any other field of lofty human endeavor. In the years since then, this highest honor within the gift of the University has been conferred in order upon John Gilmary Shea, Patrick J. Keeley, Elizabeth Allen Starr, General John Newton, Edward Preuss, Patrick V. Hickey, Anna Hanson Dorsey, William J. Onahan, Daniel Dougherty, Henry F. Brownson, Patrick Donahue, Augustine Daly, Mrs. James Sadlier, General William S. Rosecrans, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, Timothy E. Howard, Mary Guendolin Caldwell, John A. Creighton, William Bourke Cochran, Dr. John B. Murphy, Charles J. Bonaparte, Richard Kearns, Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, Dr. Francis Quinlan, Katherine E. Conway, James C. Monaghan, Frances Tiernan (Christian Reid), Maurice Francis Egan, Agnes Repplier, Thomas B. Mulry, Charles B. Hebermann, Edward Douglas White, Mary Merrick, Dr. James J. Walsh, Admiral William Shepherd Benson, Joseph Scott, George Duval, Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, Elizabeth Nourse, Charles Patrick

Neill, Walter George Smith, and Charles D. Maginnis.

This year, Sir, Notre Dame is proud in being able to add your name to this roll of highest honor—the name of one who has been so intimately her own, of a great Catholic layman who has won wide distinction in science and international recognition as a pioneer in the theory of aerial navigation. With the spirit of the true scientist, you busied yourself at the problem of aviation through years when nearly all the scientists even thought that the effort could never be of any consequence. The present progress of the world in aerial navigation is testimony to the principles you formulated and published long before the first aeroplane mounted the air. The development of the near future is sure to be further vindication of your science.

In recognition of this signal service of yours to science and progress, in appreciation of the credit it is to the Church and to our country, and in tribute to your sterling character as a Catholic layman, the University of Notre Dame, a seat of learning devoted to religion, science, and American manhood, asks you, Albert Francis Zahm, to accept the Laetare Medal of this year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-five, and prays that you may have health and length of days to carry on much further the great work which you have done so well.

HONORARY DEGREES

The Degree of Doctor of Laws is conferred on a learned and zealous prelate whose clear vision and wise counsel have contributed mightily to the well-being of the Catholic Educational Association, and whose devotion to the mental and spiritual welfare of youth has made him one of the fathers of the Parochial School System in the United States, Right Reverend Philip R. McDevitt, D. D. of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

On a notable and public spirited lawyer who has shown notable ability in his profession and as an adviser of public men, and whose broad sympathies and high ideals have made him a champion of religious tolerance and patriotic citizenship, Edmond H. Moore of Youngstown, Ohio.

On a brilliant professor and distinguished historian whose zeal for the truth has eloquently expressed itself in numerous volumes on Catholic activities in America, and whose inspiring leadership has stimulated the field of research by the founding of the Catholic Historical Review and the American Catholic Historical Association, Reverend Peter Guilday, Ph. D., of the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C.

On a scholarly and zealous Religious who has distinguished himself by his long and unswerving labors in educational activities, and whose experience and accomplishments have recommended him to the Holy See as the Director of the new Catholic University at Peking, Right Reverend Aurelius Staehle, O. S. B., of St. Vincent's Abbey at Beatty, Pennsylvania.

GRADUATE DEGREES CONFERRED

The Faculty of the Graduate School announces the conferring of the following Graduate Degrees:

The Degree of Doctor of Philosophy is conferred on:

Sister M. Benedictus, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana;—Dissertation: "Public Opinion in Relation to the Nomination and Election of the President."

Rev. John Ryan, of the Congregation of Holy

Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana;—Dissertation: "Evidences of the Divinity of the Church in the First Three Hundred Years of her History."

Sister M. Verda, of the Sisters of Holy Cross, St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Indiana;—Dissertation: "Neo-Realism in the Light of Scholasticism."

The Degree of Master of Arts is conferred on:

Francis Thomas Kolars, Le Sueur Center, Minnesota;—Dissertation: "An Apology for the Feature Article."

John King Mussio, Cincinnati, Ohio;—Dissertation: "The Character of Cardinal Newman as Revealed in His Works."

John Milton Rohrbach, Flat River, Missouri;—Dissertation: "Identical Elements of Decadence in the Isms of European and American Literature of the Past Century, and an Antidote."

Rev. Andrew Schreyer, of the Congregation of Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana;—Dissertation: "The Ephigenian Legend in Dramatic Literature."

The Degree of Master of Science is conferred on:

Eugene Adrian Willihnganz, Sheboygan, Wisconsin;—Dissertation: "A New Synthesis of Quinoldine."

REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C.S.C.,
PREACHES BACCALAUREATE
SERMON AT ST. MARY'S

Marking its seventieth year since its institution, Commencement exercises at St. Mary's College and Academy were formerly started in the campus church on Sunday morning with a Baccalaureate Sermon, given by Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., president emeritus of the University. In the eloquent oratory for which he is famed, Father Cavanaugh stressed the sweetness and solemnity of graduation, and the necessity of being prepared to take a proper stand in the new life that opens up after college years are left behind; the gist of his text being, "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?"

The Glee Club

FRANK HOWLAND, *President*

The Notre Dame Glee Club will complete the most successful year of its existence with two appearances this week-end. The



GEORGE KOCH

Club of the present year, 1924-25, is the first University musical organization to take two week trips during the year, besides several smaller trips. This year the Club made its first trip through Michigan, Wisconsin and Northern Indiana during the first part of February. The

second trip was taken during the Easter vacation and included appearances in cities of Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. The Club has also sung over KDKA Broadcasting Station in Pittsburgh, and WGN in Chicago.

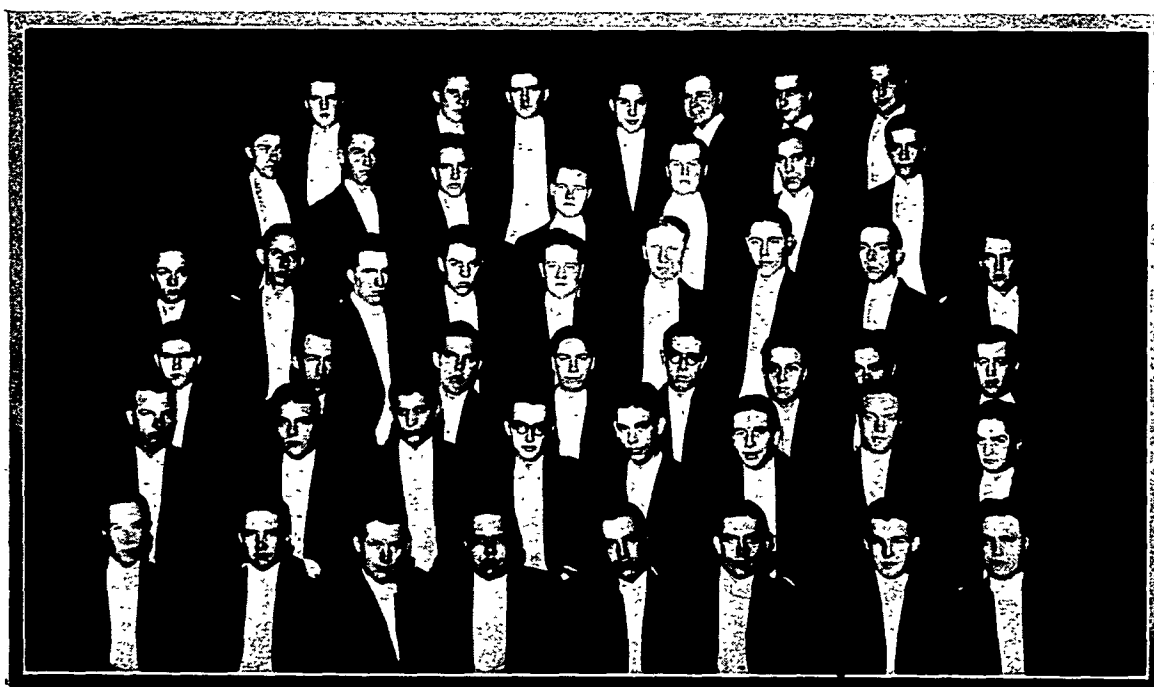
At present he is also director of St. Patrick's Church choir in Chicago, where he has his studios. Mr. Joseph Casasanta is the assistant director of the Club. He was graduated from Notre Dame in 1922 and is a teacher in the Department of Music in the University.

Mr. George Koch, a member of the graduating class of 1925, has been the soloist with the Club at the numerous concerts given in the various cities. Mr. Koch is a baritone, and his last appearance with the Club will be made Saturday night in Washington Hall.

The combined Glee Club and Orchestra will give a concert at 8 P. M. in Washington Hall on the campus.

The Glee Club will also sing the Commencement Mass in the Church Sunday morning at 9 A. M. The Club will sing Pietro Yon's Mass, and the soloists at the time will be John Butler, George Koch and Alfred Meyers.

The concert Saturday evening and the Mass Sunday morning will mark the farewell of the 1924-25 Glee Club to the student body and the campus.



The Student Activities Council

GEORGE BISCHOFF, '25, *President*

The problem of governing the activities of men always has been one for men to handle. At Notre Dame where the com-



GEORGE BISCHOFF

munity life of the student is much greater than at the state and co-educational universities, activities of the students are more prolific, and, consequently, the supervising board—the Student Activities Council—must be composed of men who understand this difference and who are possessed

of characteristics which will encourage and not stifle the sort of activity that is so necessary to Notre Dame life. Our Student Activities Council has just completed its fifth year of supervision and control of campus activities. On its roster were included the types of men who, through their initiative and their ability, won the confidence of the students and the right to settle the questions which arose pertaining to student welfare. As a servant to the student, the work of the Council has increased with each succeeding year, new problems and difficulties constantly arising.

One of the most important pieces of legislation enacted by the Council during the past year was the complete revision of the rules governing the class elections. The abolishing of the proxy vote, and the "one day general election" are the two essential features of the new rules which stimulated a greater interest and a more active participation in the elections. On the committee which changed these rules were: John Moran, as chairman, and Edward O'Neil, John Tuohy, and John Purcell. Moran also handled the arrangements for the student trip to Wisconsin when the National Champions swamped the Badgers, 38-3.

Much of the detailed work of the Student Activities Council was handled di-

rectly by the Blue Circle, a sub-organization of the Council, headed by Jack Scallan. All of the Homecoming arrangements, such as the receiving of guests, the decorating of the city and campus, the preparing of the barbecue and the entertainment, were the duties under the jurisdiction of the Blue Circle. The group consisted of fifty of the select men at the University with a capacity for "doing things."

Supplying the students with Grid-graph reports while the football team was on a foreign field was another duty the Council undertook. Ben Kesting, assisted by Paul Rahe, kept the lights flickering each week on the board while Elmer Layden intercepted a pass or while "Rip" Miller broke up an off-tackle play.

The Victory dances were in charge of Elmer Layden, Don Miller and Dan Brady, and the proceeds from these dances helped greatly to carry on the work of the Council.

Paul Kohout supervised the publication of the Student Directory, an invaluable piece of literature, especially when one is stranded in a town with nothing but one of these Directories and the faint recollection that somewhere near is a home of a Notre Dame man. Kohout also handled the Concessions and was assisted by Don Miller and Tom Green.

Campus publications had to pass the scrutinizing eye and the editorial pen of Jack Scallan, who was influential in reorganizing publication standards.

Sophomore Hall won the Inter-Hall Football trophy awarded by the Council, while Walsh Hall took the Swimming Cup.

The last big undertaking of the Council, was that of presenting to the University a students' memorial for the national championship which the 1925 football team earned for its Alma Mater. The president of the Council, George Bischoff, worked out the entire plans for the edifice that will long remain a treasure and a place of interest on the quadrangle. He also made the presentation to the University.

Hugh A. O'Donnell

President of the Alumni Association

Among the distinguished visitors who will grace the campus over the week-end will be Mr. Hugh A. O'Donnell of New York



City, President of the Alumni Association. Because Mr. O'Donnell is, in a special way, an object of respect and inspiration to the student body, and because beyond the duties of his alumni office he has seen fit to take an unusual interest in the

undergraduate body of Notre Dame, the SCHOLASTIC is eager to write these few words about him.

A classmate of the Alumni President, writing at the time of Mr. O'Donnell's election, said:

"The Class of '94 was signally honored by the election of Hugh A. O'Donnell as President of the Alumni Association. Back in the old days, O'Donnell was more than a personage; he was an epoch, and the mantle of honor that has fallen to his lot could not have been placed on more worthy shoulders. His high class dramatic performances were probably never equalled before or since. O'Donnell had a powerful voice, wonderful facial ability. After leaving the University he went with Fanny Davenport, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, actress

this country ever produced and remained with her until her death. Having devoted years to his art, the transition from the stage to business, from the impractical to the practical, is certainly an illuminating tribute to his wonderful versatility. He has engaged in journalism in all its branches. He entered newspaper work, first as special writer, then successively Sunday editor, promotion manager, and dramatic critic of the *Minneapolis Tribune*. He then became circulation manager of the *St. Paul Pioneer-Press*, and later became advertising manager of the *Minneapolis Journal*, and the business manager of the *Philadelphia Press*. After several years devoted to travel lectures, he went to New Orleans, where he became publisher and editor of the *New Orleans American*. When that newspaper went out of business he became associated with the *New York Times*. He is now assistant business manager of that newspaper."

Beyond these words which were written as was said before, by a classmate of Mr. O'Donnell, the SCHOLASTIC has little to express. However, speaking for the undergraduate body of the University, and especially for the members of the graduating class, the SCHOLASTIC wishes to congratulate Mr. O'Donnell upon the excellence of his alumni administration, and assure him that his inspiration has been felt at all times upon the campus at Notre Dame, that the seniors are the more proud of their entrance into the ranks of the alumni association because of the glorious inspiration of its leader.

—J.W.S.



FIVE MILLERS, TWO SMITHS AND
A MURPHY

Five Millers, two Smiths and a Murphy will receive their collegiate degrees tomorrow with Notre Dame's class of '25. The



DON MILLER
Class President

number bearing these three names is out of all proportion to the number remaining at Notre Dame. According to the *Students Directory* thirteen Millers, thirteen Smiths and twenty-two Murphys enrolled among the student body.

Come to think of it, there is much of the delightfully unusual about '25. With it passes the first Notre Dame football team that ever received the acclamation, "World's Champions!" (We all, of course insist that all of Notre Dame's football teams have been World's Champions.) And '25 has distinguished itself at the orator's stand, with the pen, in music and in other fields of endeavor to such an extent that predictions as to the future of this class must be fearfully made. Fearfully, because sufficient success may not be predicted. We can, however predict safely concerning the immediate future of some of the football men. These are not really predictions. They are facts as certain of materialization as the Notre Dame athlete is of surviving the summer.

Everything is "fixed" for Harry Stuhlreher to assume control of football at Villa Nova, located at Philadelphia. And Harry will succeed for Ed. Hunsinger has contracted to help him. Adam Walsh will use his talents at Santa Clara University, Santa Clara, California. Don Miller is taking charge of Georgia Tech's backfield. Jimmy Crowley is going to Macon, Georgia, to make famous the backfield of the University of Georgia. Charles "Chuck" Collins is also "goin' south"—to the University of Tennessee. Edgar "Rip" Miller will make strong the line of Indiana University. John Weibel will assist Vanderbilt's coach.

Joe Bach is to coach the line of the University of Syracuse. Nobel Kizer will appear at Purdue as line coach and as assistant basketball coach. Joe Harmon is the coach for St. Xavier's College at Louisville. Elmer Layden will return to Notre Dame to put the finishing touches on his law course and to help "Rock" put the finishing touches on the team of '25-'26. Others of Notre Dame's gridiron heroes of '25 have been offered places on coaching staffs but they have not made up their minds as to which positions they will accept.

Sufficient to say that wherever they go, they will receive welcomes befitting those who have fought valiently under "Rock."

THE COMMENCEMENT JUGGLER

With the appearance of the Commencement issue, the *Juggler's* year is ended. Just in the nick of time, when trunks were packed and goodbyes said, this last issue frolicked forth, a lively and inviting answer to the annual question, "What shall I read on the train?"

The commencement number is good train reading: more than that, it is good reading anytime during the summer. The deep and humorous note that lies hidden in all college commencements is here well struck—not laboriously, not inappropriately, not heavily: Commencement is a sacred time and its humor must be produced with a light, sure touch that knows just what is, and what is not, its material. The art work, particularly, leaves nothing to be desired: its cleverness fulfills the promise of earlier issues.

But above all else, there is one factor in this issue, as in each of its predecessors, which challenges the attention and admiration—the perfection of its plan, its make-up, its lay-out, call it what you will. The crafty hand of Dan Hickey, the Editor, has never done its work more superbly than in this Commencement issue. Climaxing close to a score of beautifully blended issues, this last is the masterpiece of his editorial career. Dan does not write much of the *Juggler* him-

self: he has men who can do that, and do it well. Neither is he engaged in the actual selling of advertisements or drawing of art work. His hours, his thoughts, his efforts, are directed towards the planning of a magazine that will bring out the best points in the work of his staff, and at the same time produce a unified whole. It is self-sacrificing work but it is the task of every editor, and Dan is the ideal editor. In its humor and art work, the *Juggler* may fall sometimes a

little from the top: but no college humorous monthly in this country has during this year surpassed the *Juggler* in beauty and originality of lay out. The Commencement issue continues in the tradition of its predecessors to satisfy that old definition of art—"unity in the midst of variety." Variety is fairly easy to get: the guiding hand of the editor brings out of variety, not chaos, but the unity which makes the definition complete. Hats off to Dan Hickey!

L'Envoi

JAMES A. CARROLL, '25

THE HOUR has struck, the lesson has been taught. The page is written, to the dotting of the last period. The scroll is completed; may it not be a palimpsest but its guiding contents written with indelible ink.

It was an experience to live here, to breathe the spirit of the most significant thing about Notre Dame—her tradition. It was an experience to meet these boys, boys from everywhere, all kinds of boys; some with minds keen and sure as rifles, subtly responsive to the nuances of life, others handicapped by incredible slowness and hebetude.

Part of a liberal education, indeed, was the physical beauty of Notre Dame. Her two little lakes, like twin sapphires; her walks, trees, flowers, birds—orioles, myriads of robins, and blue-jays; surely health is her richest endowment.

The crisp fall was tawny in hue, and football in atmosphere. The leaves fell and nights lengthened, and Notre Dame boys gathered fame the president of the nation might envy. Perfect winter, sharp and white; a marvelous spring—one could just feel *growth* and *movement* pulsating under his feet.

Most impressing is the religion at Notre Dame. The church is an integral part of her

plan. Such a beautiful church too, with the Gothic grandeur of its windows and arches and pillars. Beautiful are its ceremonies—masses in pristine simplicity, or in golden pomp and splendor; the services of Benediction, where blends the aura of ethereal perfume with the overpowering feeling of the presence of God.

Notre Dame is an able mentor. With admirable appositeness she ministers to the tastes and talents of her students. In library, laboratory, or athletic field, the end is never lost sight of—to extract the quintessential elements of self-perfection. Notre Dame knows boys, their goodnesses, their failings. Her own she counsels with all the wisdom of her years, their interests are hers, she would give them her heart's blood.

The knowledge gained was not the biggest thing. The history and philosophy was not the pearl of great price—though there was variety in the history and the philosophy was sound. Isn't it far more if I understand better my fellowmen, if I see now my need of their aid and their need of mine? And if I have but learned to warm my hands before art's fire, my time here was not in vain.

The page is written, the lesson has been taught. The bells are ringing on Commencement day—they are tolling, tolling my trinity of years.

A Review of the Class of 1925

RAY CUNNINGHAM, '25

With the graduation ceremony this weekend, the curtain falls before the classmen of 1925, and their University activities are

concluded forever. And when the curtain is raised again in the Fall, new actors will be found in the cast performing on the very same stage which the Seniors occupied these past four years. But like all the dramas of life that have been epochal, the actors and their parts will be remembered long after the scenes have been changed and the stage has been cleared.

The Class of 1925 has been an exceptional one. From the very first year the various members made their presence known not only by maintaining high scholastic averages but also by striving for places of leadership in campus

activities. It was this year's graduating class that issued the first "Freshman Number" of the SCHOLASTIC, and a few of those in this same class secured for themselves regular positions on the editorial boards of the *Juggler*, the *Dome*, the SCHOLASTIC, and

the *Santa Maria*. And it was these Freshmen who conceived the idea for a Scribbler's Club which has functioned so admirably since that time.

In football the first year the Freshman team was not as victorious as it would like to have been; but when we recall that it was the same group of "Horsemen" and "Mules" that today constitutes the National Champions, the adversities of those early days make their later achievements shine all the brighter. The Freshman track squad, composed of such men as Bernie Livergood, who broke the broad jump record at Kalamazoo with a leap of twenty-three feet four inches, and Hamling, Bud Barr, Elmer Layden, and Wayne Cox who were sure point getters on the Varsity the following years, was extraordinary and some of the marks it set still stand. Jimmy Crowley and Franklin McSorley blossomed forth in the dead of Winter when candidates for Hockey were needed, and both of these men earned regular berths on the team, McSorley attaining the captaincy in his junior and senior year.

In the Sophomore year the class seemed to be more determined than ever to plunge into activities and to handle at least its share. This year found Rockne without a football team of seasoned men because of the professionalism charges brought against nearly all of his regular players; and so he was compelled to groom his Sophomores—his future National Champions—for the strenuous schedule which lay before them. Rockne's confidence in them was not unrewarded because the embryonic team cleaned up everything it met that season except Nebraska, which for two years marked the only defeat the team suffered. Noble Kizer, Phil Mahoney, Don Miller, and Wilbur Eaton found regular positions on the basketball squad and completed a very remarkable year. Tom Goss introduced Swimming as a minor sport at Notre Dame and brought forth many aquatic stars.



DONALD C. MILLER
President

WILLIAM E. MERRIMAN
Vice-President

BERNARD L. MACNAB
Secretary

WILLIAM C. HURLEY
Treasurer

Tony Gonzales, Mike Velasco, and Herman Centlivre raised Tennis as a sport on the campus to the minor monogram class and were the mainstays of the team the two succeeding years. In Inter-hall Indoor Track, Brownson won the Championship with Bill Krider and George Driscoll two of the leading point gatherers. Inter-hall Outdoor Track found Elmer Layden, Bernie Coughlin, Rip Miller, Frank Milbauer, and Don Miller winning the laurels for Corby Hall. And in Inter-hall Baseball, Corby claimed another championship with Jimmy Crowley, Bill Cerney, Chuck Collins, Roger Nolan, Elmer Layden, Adam Walsh, Don Miller, and George Vergera performing on the diamond. Butch Haecker of Badin Hall, captained the championship Inter-hall Football team. And many of the leading roles in the Monogram Minstrels were played by Sophomore athletes.

The social side of college life was not overlooked either. For the first time in the history of Notre Dame, the Cotillion was formal, with Jack Sheehan, the president, leading the promenade. On the victory dance committees were numerous Sophomores, and it was these dances that climaxed the week-ends after the football team had successfully vanquished its foes.

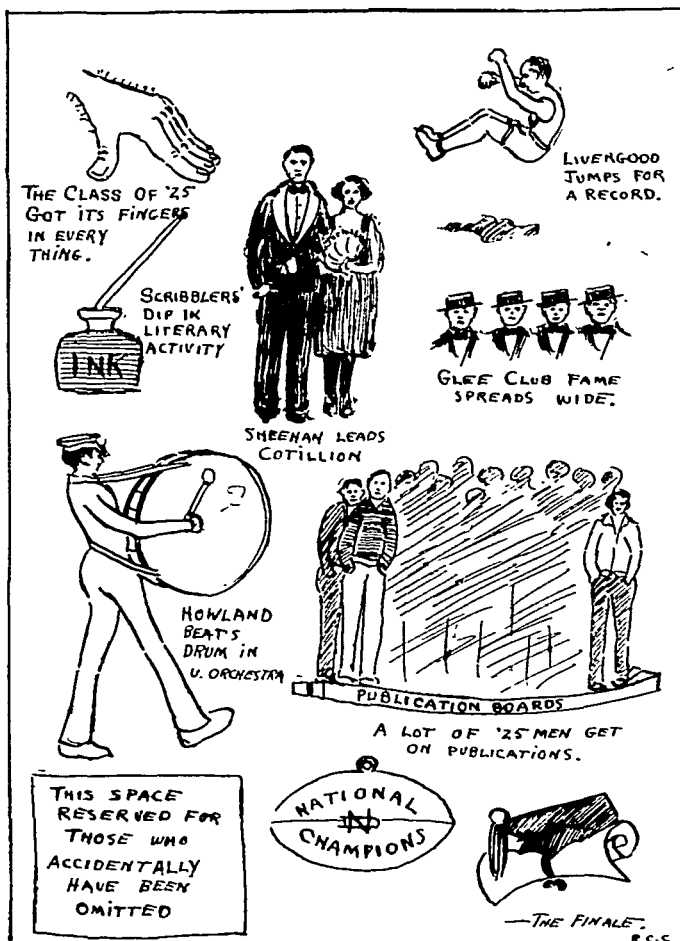
On all the publication boards—the SCHOLASTIC, the *Dome*, the *Juggler*, the *Santa Maria* and the new *Notre Dame Daily*—the number of Sophomores rapidly increased.

Many of the class leaders were called upon to assist Fr. Burns and Fr. McGinn in the Endowment Drive solicitations in South Bend. On the Student Activities Council, and on the Boosters Club especial-

ly, much of the work was carried on by its second-year men. Frank Howland played an important "role" as drummer and officer in the University band, and in his senior year was president of the Glee Club. In the Knights of Columbus the detailed work of the initiation soon fell on the shoulders of the most active Sophomore members, Harry McGuire, George Bischoff, Pink Schneider, John Hurley, Joe Burke, Jack Elliott and Ray Cunningham, who, in their remaining years filled the executive offices.

The Junior year found the same men

busying themselves in the various activities, only to a greater degree. John Moran guided the destinies of the class as its president and was responsible for the best Prom ever. George Koch and Frank Howland were advertising their Glee Club by arranging concerts in the leading cities of the country. Joe Casasanta organized a uniform band that thrilled the Homecoming crowds to cheers as it marched on the field with the husky grid warriors in pursuit. Eddie Luther won the Cheerleader's mega-



phone and led the yells at all the games. The Drama Club undertook the production of a play written by a Notre Dame man, Harry McGuire. Oscar Lavery, Vic Lemmer, Dave Stanton and Ray Cunningham defended Notre Dame in the forensic circles.

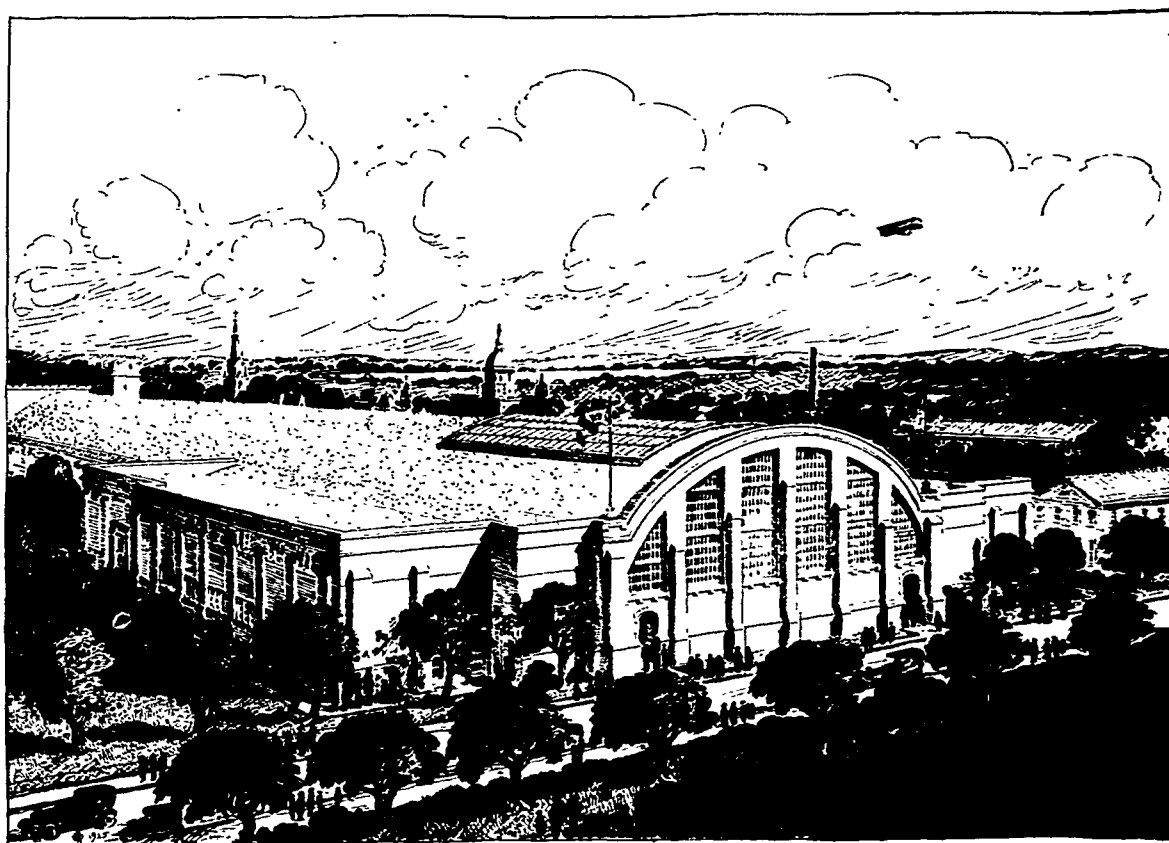
On the publications again were found the names of those who had early aspired to lead the literary thought of the campus. The '25 *Dome*, the finest the University had seen, edited by Jack Scallan, sought the assistance of James Armstrong, Eddie Lyons, Al Sommer, Joe Burke, John Lynch,

Alfred Hockwalt, Jerry Holland, Pink Schneider, Harry McGuire, Ralph Heger, John Gallagher, Jack Elliott, Eddie Polhaus, George Ward, Ray Cunningham, George Bischoff, John Kane, and Charles Mouch. Tom Coman, Harry McGuire, James Armstrong, Jerry Holland, Eddie Lyons, Anselm Miller, and Ray Cunningham helped to fill the SCHOLASTIC pages, while the humorous contributions to the *Juggler* came mostly from the pens of Dan Hickey, the editor, Anselm Miller, Jerry Holland, Everard Kohl, Larry O'Leary, Joe Burke, John Moran, and Paul Rahe. The Notre Dame *Daily*, edited for a time by Harry McGuire, depended largely for its editorial management on the Juniors who had been so influential in building up an interest in that journalistic medium. The Scribbler's produced their *Book of Notre Dame Verse* and sold out the edition the first night.

The activities of this past year are still fresh in the minds of all and need but casual mention here. The work of the Blue

Circle, under Jack Scallan, in "putting over" Homecoming; the work of the Glee Club officers who gave the club its most successful year; the work of the debaters who strove to maintain the high record the Notre Dame teams hold to date; the work of the track team in winning the State Meet for the eleventh consecutive year; the work of the baseball, basketball, hockey, swimming, and tennis teams; the work of the football team in giving to Notre Dame its first National Championship; and the work of the S. A. C. in presenting to the University, the National Championship Memorial; the work of the editors of *Pan* in introducing a new poetry magazine—all of this work has been largely that of Seniors who, after this week-end, will retire from the scenes of action and leave the work to be carried on by the underclassmen.

The curtain falls; yes, but in the memory of the Seniors this drama will be enacted over and over again in sweet, mellow retrospect.



THE GYMNASIUM
THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA
THE NEW GYMNASIUM, UNDER CONSTRUCTION

The Scholastic

IN the *Dome* of 1924, Professor Shuster, in speaking of the SCHOLASTIC, said: "During the past year it has developed dignity. Instead of showing up once a week like a landlady, it now appears once a month like a landlord."

Dignity is all very well but landlords are not as gossipy as landladies and during the past year without the *Daily*, which flourished last year, one of the prime functions of the SCHOLASTIC was to furnish the campus with news and rumors . . . The latter obligation being admirably suited to a landlady. Combined with this important task was the necessity of providing an outlet for student literary work.



JACK SCALLAN
Editor

John W. Scallan, Editor-in-Chief, entrusted various departments to assistants. James E. Armstrong ably took care of the Literary department and wrote "the Week," a clever page of news and gossip. In managing the Literary department he was assisted by Gerald Holland who bore up well under the laborious title of Assistant Literary Editor. William Dooley succeeded John Stoeckley as News Editor, when the latter resigned because of a number of conflicting activities. The athletic year at Notre Dame was well mirrored by our "Grantland Rice" Tom Coman, Sports Editor, who succeeded Albert Sommer.

All work and no play makes a deficit at the end of the year, so the SCHOLASTIC in spite of literary tendencies found itself forced to "talk money" on several occasions. Anticipating this, the Business Department was organized by Corbin Patrick, assisted by James Withey, Foreign Advertising Manager; Alfred Diebold, Local Advertising Manager and Rupert Wentworth, Circulation Manager.



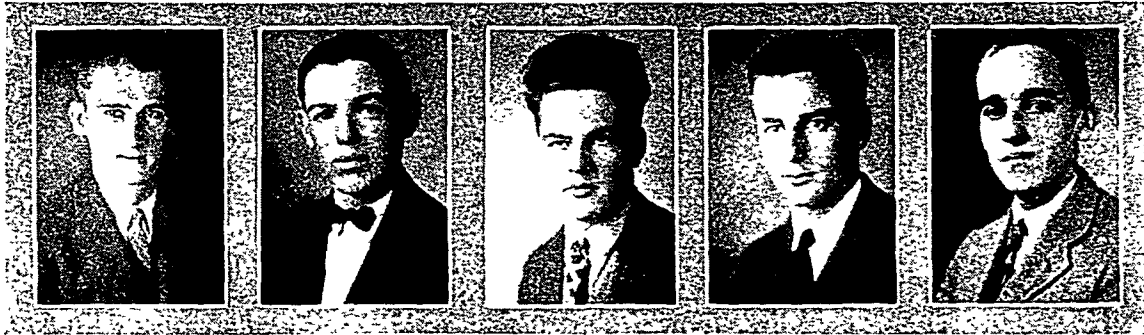
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ALFRED DIEBOLD

RUPERT WENTWORTH

EDITORIAL

THE CLASS OF '25

The years pass; the graduating classes of Notre Dame one by one write their names in the expanding scroll of our Alma Mater;



CHARLES PHILLIPS

one by one they take their places in the ranks of our alumni. The years pass; and at every annual occasion of this kind a review is made, the new class is sized up, and a word is said of it—and to it; of its qualifications, its make-up, its standard of character and scholarship; and to it, in congratulation for its achievement.

It is not in disparagement of those classes that have gone before through the long span of fourscore years, that it is said now, today, that the Class of '25 is the finest class ever graduated from this University. No; for this is as it should be. The Class of '25 should be the finest class in the history of Notre Dame, if the tradition of this school is to be preserved. For that tradition is one of progress, of never resting endeavor toward improvement, toward standard-raising, toward higher and higher development. If the day should ever come when it could be said "But the class this year falls off—is not equal to the past," then on that day Notre Dame itself could be said to be falling off and proving unequal to its glorious foundations. That cannot be.

Through the years that go to make up the average course of a man's college life he is not always inclined to think of his

"class" responsibility. It is, in fact, only in his senior year that this thought comes home full force to him, that he begins to feel himself not only a Notre Dame man, but specifically a "class" man, an integral part of a special entity in the whole make-up of the University. But through those years, nevertheless, while he is still only one of the greater whole rather than of the specific unit, he does grow and increase in the spirit of the school, in appreciation of its traditions, in emulation of its ideal. And just in the measure that he grows in this direction, so does the class with which he eventually graduates crystallize and shape itself into a representative body. The Class of '25 is a truly representative body—the finest class in the history of Notre Dame.

Now, numbers have something to do with it. Quantity of quality must be considered; the more men in a group who are motivated by a given ideal, the more actual and intense will be the realization of that ideal. The Class of '25 is the largest class in the history of Notre Dame. But numbers are not all. There is something else besides numbers to the Class of '25. Let it be repeated, the Class of '25 is the finest class in the record of our school, as it should be. And it is this, not because of its size, but because of its unique character, its unique devotion to the ideals of Notre Dame. In all the United States of America no group of men more upright, cleaner in soul and body, warmer of heart, keener of intellect, of higher general average can be found than this group which, on Sunday, June 14, will pass in its last review before Our Lady of the Dome and receive her golden

benediction as they take into hands their academic degrees.

The attributes of these men are many. They are sincere Christians, practical Catholics; they are square, honest, decent-living; they have brains, and they know how to use their brains; they are healthy, strong of body; they are gentlemen of culture and refinement. All in all, making every due allowance for human frailties, they are exactly what upright American citizens should be. But, if one special characteristic of this Class may be named, it is this: There is not a mean man among them—not a man who bests his neighbor selfishly; seeks his own aggrandizement at the expense of others; covers a fault with deception and false alibi; wins honor at the cost of his brother's dishonor. Not a mean man among them!—could anything better, anything finer, be said of any body of men? Not a mean man among them. . . which is only another way of saying, not a coward, not a weakling, not a liar, not a sycophant, not a time-server in the whole lot! Glorious praise—beautiful reputation!

Yes; this is praise of the highest kind. But it is not flattery. Flattery is never paid to the deserving, nor ever desired by them. But all honest men love honest praise. It is their due. The praise that the men of the Class of '25 win today is merited—they have made themselves worthy of it by faithful endeavor, by hard work; by undeflecting loyalty to the ideals set before them by their parents and their Alma Mater. And just here we touch the nub of the whole matter, the point where other praise must be spoken beside that paid to this year's graduating class. It is the praise due the school and due the parents that is to be uttered now. Of the school—what more can be said than that the school is Notre Dame? That is sufficient—the school of pure ideals, of Christian living, of manly virtues. But of the parents. . .

Many of the parents of the graduates of '25 are on the campus today, along with the sisters, the brothers, the friends, relations—and the sweethearts!—of our new alumni. Every one of these guests of the University represents the same ideal that Notre

Dame represents. But specifically they represent the ideal of the Christian home. There is a background to the men of Notre Dame, other than their school background, which must always be taken into account when the men of Notre Dame are to be weighed and measured. That background is one of Christian homes. It is not always exactly a Catholic background; for there are non-Catholic fathers and mothers who today at Notre Dame join with their Catholic brethren in rejoicing over their sons' scholastic achievements. To such men and women the spirit of Notre Dame must needs pay a deep salutation—for they are men and women who have not only recognized the beauty and truth of Catholic teaching, but who have had the courage to support it and champion it, and to insist that their sons shall enjoy the benefit of it. They, then, with their Catholic brethren, scattered all over America, make this background of Christian living and Christian ideal, against which the figures of our graduates today stand out in such manly vigor. To them all, to the parents, guardians, and friends of the men of 1925, surely a tribute is due.

The SCHOLASTIC stands at salute today before the graduates of '25; it stands at salute before their parents and friends; it offers them its sincerest congratulations; and it prays God and Our Lady to bless them. Notre Dame is an old fashioned school. "God bless you" is an old fashioned saying. God bless the class of '25—the finest class in the history of Notre Dame!

—CH. PH.

AND NOW—THE END!

The slanting rays of the setting sun sweep past the church steeple and striking the Dome startle it into golden flame. Twilight comes and the image of the Virgin fades into the night.

This, then, is the end. To thee Sweet Lady of the Golden Dome, we of the class of '25 offer our work.

The four years of our college life are ended at last—J. W. S.

*The Patriotism of Peace**

OSCAR D. LAVERY, '25

America has pioneered many advances of the world's thought. Democracy with us became a fact. Its fundamental principle that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" is older by centuries than the American Commonwealth, but it was here that it received its first modern application. We had accepted it while it was still struggling for existence on Continental Europe. It had found expression in our Declaration of Independence a whole half century before the Reform Act of 1832



OSCAR D. LAVERY

gave to Englishmen, those champions of the rights of man, sufficient grounds for hoping that some day they might enjoy self-government. While the great mass of Frenchmen were doubtful whether they possessed either liberty, equality or fraternity, George Washington quietly took the oath of office and the young Republic of the United States began the most hazardous political experiment within historic times. Strange it was that in the broadening out of the known lands of the Earth, ours was the last to be discovered but the first to associate men under a form of government that places a proper valuation on human personality and puts the pride of the Roman citizen into a man's breast without the fear of Roman tyranny. The eighteenth century saw the birth of this political freedom; the nineteenth saw it establish itself so securely on American soil that those living under it were capable of challenging the powers of both hemispheres; the twentieth will see—what? That is precisely the question! Standing as we do twenty-five years into that new century, about to be graduated from a great institution of learning; and armed with everything that makes for genuine influence in the realm of truth, it behooves us to mark time for a moment and to inquire how Democracy, that which we esteem above all university degrees, fares in present day America.

We might dismiss, with our traditional optimism, even a suggestion that Democracy fares other than well. While excitable persons ramp and rage, we might seek solace in this thought: the wonder is, not that dangers exist, but that Democracy itself exists. Have we been the beneficiaries of a special act of Providence that our frame of government has withstood the storms of all these

years? The general good fortune of our country is the greatest compliment of the talents of our forbears. In spite of our political crises, and, even, in spite of an occasional creaking here and a little warping there, the machinery continues to operate with consoling smoothness and regularity.

The most important thing that can be said of many of the evils is that they are past. The best thing we know now of the corruption that characterized city government between 1870 and 1890 is that those distressing days are gone. A learned author writes this as an opening sentence: "American cities have made more progress in the direction of clean and efficient government within the last ten years than they were able to make in the preceding fifty." Surely there is a development worthy of pride and joy. We are moving at least in the right direction however slow our advance. Nevertheless, the contemplation of these happy improvements should not blind us to certain very evident evil tendencies, which, if left to their own rapid growth, would lead inevitably to the destruction of our democratic government, and make the century and a quarter of our brilliant history but an unfulfilled promise of glory. Our political experience serves to emphasize for us the warning of the old maxim: "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty." Therefore, while we may well believe that the times are not altogether bad, let us not allow past victories to hide our present perils.

Anyone who may be enchanted by an unqualified confidence in our democratic stability has only to visit the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta to have his spell broken. He can find there—among many others guilty of Federal offenses—a comely and talented gentleman who not so long ago was the governor of one of our sovereign states. And who is there but knows the extremities of both despair and of legal procedure some such other gentlemen have been driven to save themselves from the unpleasant experience of sharing the company of the ex-Governor at Atlanta? A state's attorney, speaking from this stage a year or so back, told his audience that he had sent certain members of the legislature to prison for selling themselves at \$200.00 a head! Abuse of power exists today, now, and constitutes as formidable an indictment of Democracy as one can discover in fiction or out of it. The sooner we set about to acknowledge and to check such evils the better off shall we be, for once we realize that the grandest legacy that can be handed down from father to son, outside of the Religion God gave us, is endangered, we will with one unanimous effort uproot the evils that menace Democracy and thereby prove ourselves, as those before us, worthy of it.

* Commencement Oration.

The men of wisdom who fathered that incomparable instrument, which is the basis of our government, did not, nor could not, foresee the development of political parties to the extent they have developed since 1787. It is not to be conceived that did they anticipate the abuses of machine politics they would have left us unprovided against them. They would have fortified us against them, the more because political parties have come to be regarded as necessary to popular government. The arbitrary commands of George III were too fresh in their memories to make it even possible, in the new frame of government, that such commands should be repeated. Yet the tyranny of the political boss in our own day is at once so complete and so compelling that it would be incredible were it not an accomplished fact. Machine control of executive and legislative departments has deprived some of our largest and most progressive states of free government in any true sense of the term. Our modern dictators have ruled "with as complete indifference to public interests, popular convictions, and the desires of the voters as if they held their places by divine right or by military authority."

What would the members of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 expect of us, what would they have us do in the face of such arbitrary power? If we may answer for them, they would require nothing less than a complete destruction of invisible government and boss autocracy. This does not mean an attack on political parties generally. The parties are both good and necessary to popular government; and it is because they are so necessary that membership in them is, to us, in the nature of an obligation. They have a legitimate end and use legitimate means, and, far from being condemned they should be admired. Their service is a noble one and their efficiency in this country is unmatched in any other. Yet the difference between the political machine and the political organization must always be kept in mind. The machine is an oligarchy of politicians who seek control of public offices for their own interests to the subversion if necessary, of all other interests be they the people's or even the parties! The machine must be fought as strenuously by us as it is now being fought by the honest and principled leaders in the great parties. The organization, on the other hand, is a series of committees in every state, county and town. The public welfare is its first concern and its leaders, moulding and guiding popular intelligence, are fired by a zeal for the general good not to be found among political bosses. Roosevelt was such a leader. "The difference," he used to say, "between a boss and a leader is that a leader leads and a boss drives."

Democracy at present is moving in the right direction; we have received it in pretty good condition, yet a single generation of powerful political bosses can divert it from its rightful course so effectively that it would become an object of satire,

if not of derision, the world over. We are concerned here primarily then with this question: "Are we to be recruits in the army of those who drive or intelligent and upright members of an organization of conscientious leaders?" If we have more than a mere academic interest in Democracy we cannot choose but to lead, for were we to do otherwise we would be contributing to the ruin of the three conditions essential to a successful democracy. Not to lead is to submit to be driven.

What are these three essential qualities? Everyone knows that a rather high average of intelligence and a high average of virtue are the first two of these requisites. Everyone appreciates the wisdom of the words which fell from the lips of him, whose deeds of valor gave this Hall its name, "In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion it is essential that public opinion be enlightened." If anyone does not believe that common honesty is indispensable to Democracy tell him to ponder long and well these lines from the Pastoral Letter from the American Hierarchy in 1919: "The idea that politics is exempt from the requirements of morality is both false and pernicious; it is practically equivalent to the notion that in government there is neither right nor wrong and that the will of the people is simply an instrument to be used for private advantage." But of intelligence and honesty what can we say but this, that if our sources of news are controlled by a few men, how is it possible to have an enlightened opinion? If, perchance, we could be confident that our opinion were truly enlightened, can we be equally confident that the governmental processes will register it exactly? The proper understanding of important affairs, a reliable respect for the just laws of the land, and a downright honesty in administering them—these are the roots of democratic firmness. It cannot be otherwise, if democracy is representative government, it cannot escape representing what is evil as well as what is good in the people who compose it.

If the conditions that exist are to be improved, therefore, every citizen will have to take a more active part in things political. But right here is where the most immediate and most serious danger lies, for the method provided as a means of removing existing evils is the method shunned because of those very evils. More good men have been turned against personal political activity by disgust of the prevalent corruption than by any other single cause. All the wisdom they have, all the honesty they have, mean nothing politically, if they are not made effective in the only way they can be made effective in a Democracy—that is by voting. Last November, with issues of unusual magnitude presented to the people for settlement, 49 per cent of the qualified voters failed to cast their ballots. If a remedy is ever to be realized it will be by more political activity, certainly not by less, it will be by a whole-hearted support of

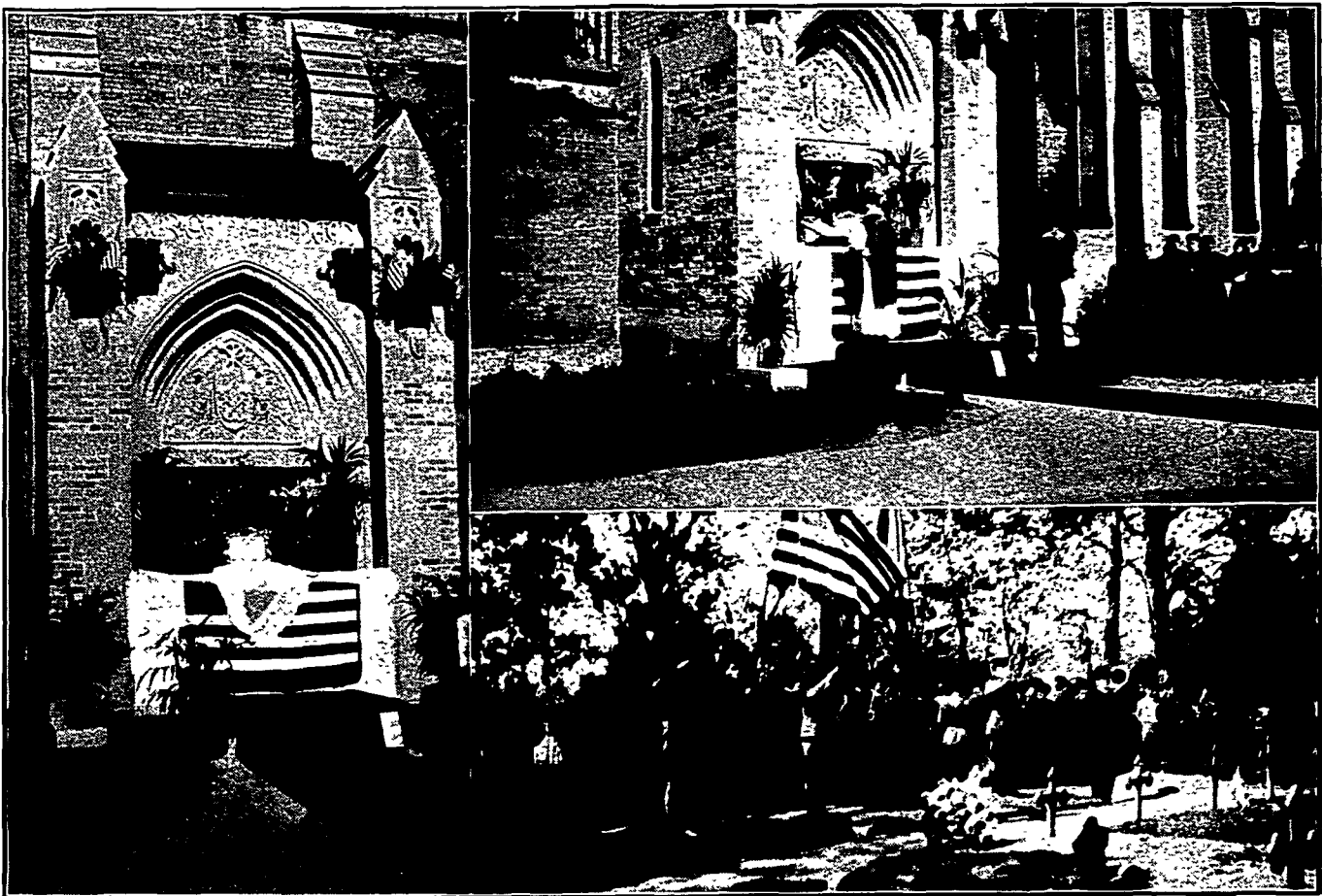
parties and honest candidates in every step along the way to election, not by washing our hands of all political participation and turning the power of the state over to those who aspire to it only to pursue their selfish ends. "When good men sit at home," declared George W. Curtis, "not knowing that there is anything to be done, nor caring to know; cultivating a feeling that politicians are vulgar bullies and braves; then remember it is not a government mastered by ignorance, it is a government betrayed by intelligence; it is not a victory of the slums, it is the surrender of the schools; it is not that bad men are brave, but that good men are cowards."

An intelligent participation in politics then is a serious and a solemn obligation. "Of our votes, as of all our actions," Cardinal Amette holds, "God will demand an account. The duty of voting is so much more binding because on its good or evil exercises depend the gravest interests of the country and religion." The Tuesday after the first Monday in November of the Presidential election year is a day of weighty responsibility for every citizen and he who neglects to cast his ballot neglects the first and foremost duty of the citizen. If the stability of our government depends upon the intelligent and honest voting of every citizen who shall we blame but ourselves if popu-

lar government becomes vicious? That patriotism which expresses itself in obedience to all just laws, in knowing issues and candidates, in voting regularly and righteously, is a healthier and a holier patriotism than that which is characterized by dramatic declarations of loyalty, by shouting the songs of the Republic in the bright sunshine of Memorial Day but neglecting to vote because of a little rain on a November election day, or, if voting, failing to support the genuine party leader as against the unprincipled party boss. The one is the patriotism of peace; the other is peace time treason!

Were it possible for college men now to ask: "Wherein are we concerned in this matter?" that would indicate the culminating and decisive danger to Democracy. If political salvation depends on upright and honest leadership, where shall we get our leaders if the schools do not produce them; if bold and fearless enlighteners of public opinion are needed to expose in all the terror of truth a perpetrated wrong where in the wide world shall we look for them if not in places like this, where principles are taught that must be compromised nowhere. If political apathy is the great danger to our government, if it is the surrender of the schools we are concerned in that, for our part, there shall be no surrender of Notre Dame!

MEMORIAL DAY AT NOTRE DAME



MEMORIAL DAY AT NOTRE DAME

Momroth

For the Class of 1925

By HARRY MCGUIRE

I.



HE Battle of All Peoples now was done,
Low settled in blood the dripping sun.
Broken ships and bodies disarrayed and careless
Lay dank and dead as sea-weed,
Forsaken by the sea.

There were no warriors fighting now,
Save the warring ocean wave
That stood in clamor and in foam
To stem the dogged tide of blood
That rolled upon it from the land.

Chariots and severed limbs,
Steel flashing bright as seraphims,
Ships for thousands and boats for one
Clutter the beaches of the world,
The battle done.

Heads with hair as soft as moss,
Lips that kissed, and arms that tossed
The spear two hundred paces—
Not a one
But is a stone in the fireless pyre of war,
A heap as high, as stark and stolid
As the cold white cliffs of England.

Such death the sunset saw
When the Battle of All Peoples had been fought.
And as the night, the dawn,
That vengefully caught
The trailing skirts of darkness
On the sword-tips of the sun.
But water now had lost, and blood had won:
Blue no longer was the sea,
But colored as an endless field of poppies;
A queer triumph for the deathless might of man,
That conquers with its blood and loses with its soul.

Now with the first grey, sleepy eye of light
There came upon this shore of death
One wee, small bit of clay still treasuring breath,
That moved at timid pace about the charnel house—
A boy whose limbs were eager as a fawn's,
His eyes born bluer than the hour before the dawn's:
Momroth, son of Kilten;
Kilten, the king of warriors and of gold,
Whose death-spot had been hate.
Kilten who now lay cold and solemn
In the breast-to-breast embrace
Of a fighting king whom he had envied, and had killed.
Stilled forever both these men of hate
By Death, satiric Compromiser,
Who will not have brawling in his house.

And Momroth sees the death, and sees the dawn,
Remembers suddenly, and with a leap has drawn
The mightiest sword in all the world from out of Kilten's hand.
His little muscles quiver with the strain;

Beneath the weight his legs deep in sand,
But high, and higher still the sword is raised,
Until the peering sun has sought it out,
And pierced a thousand glassy eyes with the light it tosses back.
Then as an echo in a forest of no birds
Comes the cry of Momroth:
"Kilten, my father, I will bear thy sword!"

II.

It was Matterling, the trainer of kings' armies,
Who nurtured Momroth in the ways of war,
Taught him the side-sweep, the stab, and bore,
Forged him light armour for his days of play,
And slowly wrought mail for the man some day;
Told the lad tales of the fights of old
When kings were kings; cajoled
Him with the roistering badinage of the camp;
Echoed no music for his ears but the tramp, tramp,
Tramp of the lusty thousands who would march no more.
And Matterling would say, when a thundering joust
Had laid them both, spent, upon the forest sward,
"Thy days have been ordained unto the sword,
Momroth, and to fame surpassing even thy father's.
Remember thou art mighty Kilten's son."
And the boy would echo, "My father's will be done."
Knowing no father but Kilten.

And Momroth grew in mightiness and manliness.
The once-blue heaven of his eyes now darker shone
Than storm-clouds after sunset, caught upon
A darting rapier of lightning.
The sinews of his arms rippled and ran for freedom
In the sword-play; lithe as a leopard's were his thighs,
His skin bronzed by the summer paintbrush of the skies.
And Matterling, of all past warriors best,
In Momroth's hands was futile as a drowning jest
Gurgled into the mad teeth of a crushing breaker.
So Matterling smiled in happiness and bitterness,
And called Momroth apart.
"You are the fiercest of all fighting men," he said;
"My milk to Kiltens' son has now been fed,
I weaken in the sight of my transmitted strength.
Go now, Momroth, for the wisdom you must know
To great Nurdorn who is wiser than a man can grow."

III.

Four winters passed, as Momroth dwelt with Nurdorn
In his hermitage upon the heights,
Drinking for wine the wind-rain and the dew,
Eating for meal the knowledge no men knew;
Sleeping uncovered on a bed of stone,
That the cold might creep to his very bone,
For Nurdorn said, "Atone! Atone
For the harvest of sins thy fathers have sown."
For Nurdorn knew, and Nurdorn told
Of the worms that hide in vessels of gold,
And Nurdorn saw, and stamped with his heel
The sightless brown things that eat into steel.
Nurdorn knew alchemy stronger than stars—
He could open the padlock and melt the bars
That men have forged against their God,
Bars of tinsel and bars of sod,
Bars to the pathway Christ once trod
Vanished at Nurdorn's nod.

And Momroth wondered, and wondering learned
 The wisdom his father Kilten had spurned.
 The moon, the planets, the grass and trees
 Revealed to his touch their mysteries.
 And Nurdorn would count, at the close of a day,
 The flowers of love Momroth tossed away.
 And the laughter of Nurdorn would run down his beard,
 Softly and gently, crinkly and weird.
 And his wrinkled face he would raise to the skies,
 Thanks on his lips, faith in his eyes;
 For Momroth, the warrior, son of a king,
 Was purer now than the rose of spring,
 Wiser than Solomon, gentler than death,
 Breathing love in every breath.

IV.

But suddenly a clamor comes,
 A clamor up the hill,
 A mighty voice is thundering
 From the river and the mill,
 "Momroth, son of Kilten, loose your hermit bands,
 We are of your father's race,
 And dwell upon his lands.
 Rush to us with your war-might,
 Revenge flows through our veins;
 Bring back and wield your father's sword,
 Blood calls, and the clink of chains,
 Chains for our enemies—death, fire, and pains!"

And Momroth heard—flushed hot with the heat of desire.
 And Nurdorn heard—pale and cold in the heat of the fire.
 But neither spoke.
 Again broke the cry of millions,
 Titanic as the throat of the Universe,
 "Momroth, come!"
 Silence . . . silence . . . then from
 The lips of Nurdorn one small word,
 "Stay!"
 "Nay!" said Momroth.
 Silence . . . silence . . . then on the shores of eternity
 Splintered the awful roar of an awful sea,
 The awfulest roar there will ever be—
 "Come Momroth, now . . . or never come again!"
 Silence . . . silence . . . then Momroth, "I will go!"
 One small word in his ear,
 "No!"
 A step forward,
 A step back,
 A face white,
 A face black . . .
 On a sudden the echo dies in his ears,
 Momroth on his knees, shaken with tears.
 His hands that strain upward hold no sword,
 But a dear cup of anguish long explored
 And the heavy cross that Momroth has won;
 And the words,,
 "O Father, Thy will be done!"

Clear as the great white bell of paradise
 Sounds the vow
 Of Momroth,
 Knowing another Father now.

Valedictory

R. C. CUNNINGHAM, '25

Human beings are so constituted that the desire to travel is an essential part of their nature. And it seems that the moments of



supreme joy always are those consumed in making preparations for an anticipated journey. In the case of a person planning a trip across the Atlantic, for example, what joy could equal that which the individual experiences in talking over his itinerary with his friends—in discussing the places of interest he will visit? The joy which accompanies the contemplation of such a journey often is not surpassed even by the pleasures which the journey itself affords. But when the day arrives for the departure, the individual's heart seems to be filled with a peculiar melancholy sadness—a sadness which comes only with the thought of leaving behind the friends and the ones he has grown to love.

In like manner, we graduates here this morning, have been preparing at Notre Dame these past four years for the journey through life which we must make. The joys which were ours during this period of preparation cannot find their true expression in my few, simple parting words. And today, gathered together here as we are, a spell of melancholy sadness creeps over us too, in the realization that our time of parting has come. With sad smiles and hearty hand-clasps, we bid one another "adieu." And God grant that the friendships we have made among both faculty and student body—the greatest friendships of our lives—we will cherish forever.

But even though we regret deeply to sever our intimate connections with Notre Dame, as today we realize we must do, we rejoice in knowing that our educational life here has equipped and fortified us with

sound christian principles which never can be destroyed in us if we are determined to live in the future as we have learned here at Notre Dame we should live. The fundamental principles upon which civilization has been built we are familiar with because they are Catholic principles, and our Catholic education has familiarized us with them. They are the ideals and principles which make for clean, proper, and moral living—the principles and ideals without which no human existence could be possible. Take from us these ideals and these principles and we have nothing but paganism, utilitarianism, materialism, moral rationalism, and all the other contaminating theories and philosophies of the modern day. If, however, we keep these ideals unsullied and untarnished, we will find that this Catholic education which is ours today is our greatest heritage; that it is our most priceless legacy, because in conforming our lives to the Catholic Doctrines we will enable not only ourselves to live clean, Christian lives, but our actions will be inspirational and commendable examples for others to follow. These Catholic ideals from out of which our education has grown, are the same ideals which inspired the founders of this great institution, and they are, therefore, characteristically Notre Dame. And if we endeavor to live by them, Notre Dame—Our Lady, always shall be for us the protector she has been for those who have entrusted themselves in her outstretched motherly arms.

I have said that in graduating to-day we are severing ourselves from direct contact with our best friends. Without the least affected pretention we are all modestly proud of our classmates and associates. From within our ranks has come the calibre of manhood which brought to Notre Dame not only athletic fame in a National Football Championship, but also national prominence in that our classmen, wherever they may have been, so conducted themselves that their character, their sportsmanship and

their spiritual zeal reflected the scholarly training which Notre Dame has given them. But if we can justly pride ourselves in having had as classmates the men that we have had—the men against whose shoulders we have rubbed from day to day—how much prouder still should we not be of the parents of these men and their instructors gathered here, who have reared and educated them and made them the excellent specimens of manhood that they are? If these, our classmates, are possessed of the ideals and characteristics which the world regards as criteria to measure the true manliness of a man—in just what measure of esteem must not our parents and instructors be held in the eyes of the world, because everything which we have we owe to them? It was the wise foresight of our parents that provided for us the invaluable Catholic education which is ours to-day; and we have only God to thank when He bestowed on us His choicest of

blessings—our noble, foresighted parents; our erudite, christian teachers; and the privilege of attending such a Catholic institution.

As we meditate for a moment in this parting hour and think about leaving Notre Dame, a tear or two begins to trickle down our cheeks. The Notre Dame with which we have become so intimate during our stay here, really has become our home. All of her surroundings, her inviting lakes, her primitive lanes, and her beautiful campus, all are things we miss more and more as the years ripen our age. The few tears, however, are tears of joy manifesting the true love and affection we feel for our Alma Mater. And I can think of nothing more fitting in these closing words than to express the hope that as these tears fall to our bosoms they will moisten and keep forever fertile the fond memories we all hold there of Notre Dame.



THRENODY

There will ever be lake-mirrored sunsets,
And delicate dews of the dawn
Will leave me a treasure each morning
Of pearls on a moon-fresh lawn.

There is never an end of beauty
And never an end of song;
Even a man who is deaf and blind
May harbor a dream life long.

* * *

But the future is barren of promise
And memory brings only pain.
For the kiss that was mine on yesterday
Can never be mine again.

—ANSELM MILLER, '25.

A Toast—To Certain Gentlemen and Their Ladies

CHARLES PHILLIPS

I SHALL write this impression of the Senior Ball with perfect frankness, personally and even intimately, as if I were writing a letter to a friend. The SCHOLASTIC has asked me to "write something" about the Ball. But I shan't attempt anything like a stereotyped report.

I had no intention at first of going to the Ball. I had certain misgivings about seniors—I mean real seniors, gray haired and bald headed, and all that—attending a function devoted to youth. . . and beauty. "Two's company, three's a crowd." Youth . . . and beauty do not always feel comfortable with graybeards tagging along. But I was persuaded: I went.

I wouldn't have missed it for worlds!

So far as the spectacle of it is concerned—well, it would take the pen of a Sunday Society Page reporter to do it justice. I've never seen anything of the kind more beautiful, anywhere—not even in the ball rooms of Vienna or Warsaw or Paris. True, there are, sometimes, more "brilliant" affairs elsewhere—affairs of dowagers in diamond collars, (and false hair) and of diplomats in ribboned decorations (and false teeth). But never, anywhere, have I seen such a gathering of ladies and gentlemen in the bloom of youth and health, enjoying themselves with delight and buoyancy—and elegance.

There is the point. One would have to have some acquaintance with the parties and dances that are staged at other schools to appreciate the real beauty of the Notre Dame senior ball of 1925. There was a tone about this affair, an air of exclusive elegance and fineness, that spoke volumes to me. I had a glorious time, from the grand march to the finale—not a time, one would imagine, for much serious thinking. But, all through the evening, I did think. Serious thoughts made an undertone for me, even in the midst of the wildest jazz of the orchestra—that orchestra!—it was wonderful! Serious thoughts: Here, I said to myself, is nothing common. There is nothing

of the cheap and the promiscuous here—nothing of those elements which nowadays, all too often, make college parties something to be forgotten "the morning after," or to be remembered with uneasiness and shame. Here, I said to myself, is something worth taking a long, long look at—the cream of American youth; young men from nearly every state in the Union, young women come from East Coast and West and all the places between; youth and beauty gathered together under the aegis of a great school whose ideal is devotion to purity. What a sight! I doubt if you could find in all the United States of America a finer group of high-type youth.

Youth and beauty. . . and something else. We can always learn, a little more and a little more, how to appreciate what we have. I learned a new lesson that night in appreciation of what the old Catholic faith means in producing decent men and virtuous women. Those are two strong words, "decent" and "virtuous;" and I would not have anyone think that in using them here, and this way, I imply that virtue and decency are the exclusive properties of Catholics. We know better than that! But this I do mean, and this I did learn anew the night of the Senior Ball—that our Faith does give us something which was just as evident to me that night as Youth and Beauty were; something which is to be seen in the frank honest eyes of Catholic men as they talk and dance with their partners. . . and something which shines and glows in the faces of Catholic girls.

If I were a true poet, and one equal to such an inspiration, I would have written something the night of that ball. It would have been "An Apostrophe to Catholic Woman." I saw her there that night, in all her youth and loveliness and modesty . . . O, too beautiful a thing, fellows, for me to talk about! Did you see her? I did. I talked with her, danced with her, looked into her eyes. She didn't know what was going on in my head, what reverence, what

admiration was in my heart for her, for her beauty of soul, her gentleness, her modesty, her purity, her fine comradeship—Can you ever forget her?—Catholic woman, the future wife, the future mother. . . . Christian America personified. The Blessed Virgin is her companion and her counsellor. When love shines in her eyes, no man is afraid to look. Those eyes are stars; stars are heavenly. She is straight; her soul is pure. And she is yours, men!—yours to win and to keep, if only you will lift your souls up to her.

Catholic men in the world are often prone to imagine that they can hobble along some way or other with just enough religion, just enough of the Old Faith, to keep them within bounds; and so imagining, they are too often given to looking with complacency on the undermining influences of the age, those influences which sap the faith of mankind and offer worldly advantages in compensation. But I had a new thought the night of the Ball: Suppose we men do let things slide—suppose we do become easy-going about God and religion and immortality and authority, and all those things? What of the women? Where will we find the women we want, then?—the women who are to be our wives and the mothers of our children? We won't find them at college parties. . . . nor anywhere else. They will have disappeared

from the face of the earth; and with them modesty and purity and sweetness and womanliness will have disappeared. And Hell will be achieved.

This begins to read like a homily—a sort of post-Lenten sermon. It is because I don't know anything about the art of preaching that it all sounds so badly. But it's true, every bit of it, an honest attempt at reporting some of the impressions, some of the thoughts, that came to me at the Senior Ball. I shan't ever forget that party. I'm proud I was there, proud I was seen there, proud of what I saw. Notre Dame does many things well. But her achievements are not limited to the classroom and the athletic field. She realizes, it seems to me, the highest functions of education—she prepares men for life. There is no better test of a man's capacity to go out of school and into the world than a high-class social function. Dress a man in evening clothes and give him the freedom of a ball room, among refined women, and you can size him up pretty well and pretty quickly. He may not always be a "perfect dancer;" but always, if he is equal to the test, he will be a gentleman. I think that it was Cardinal Newman who defined a gentleman as a Christian.

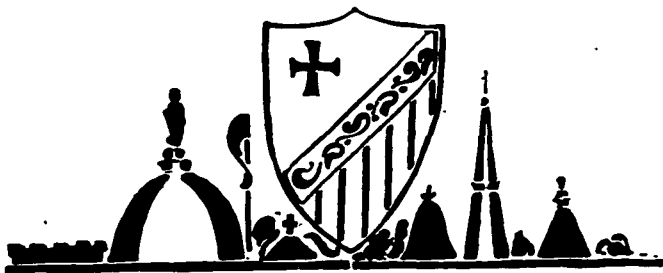
A toast to the gentleman of the Class of 1925 of Notre Dame!

And to their ladies!

WORDS AND SILENCE

Love, once sconced in cap and bells,
Comes in solemn gray,
Some say silence stole my love,
Words, some others say.

—ANTHONY SHEA



SPORTS

CORBY NINE WINS INTERHALL BASEBALL TROPHY

Notre Dame's Interhall baseball championship was decided on Cartier field Sunday morning, June 7, in a three hour game



TOM COMAN

which Corby hall won from Carroll hall, 16 to 15. Betwixt and between the hours of 10 and 1, and despite the passing of the dinner hour and the burning sun that raised a crop of blisters on the ball, Corby won an Interhall athletic title for the first time in many years, in one of the hardest fought ball games in the history of campus athletics.

Father Dominic O'Malley, the genial rector of Corby hall accepted the victory with his characteristic modesty, but the occasion was deserving of the unusual and he repaired to the sealed vaults of Corby hall to bring forth a gift for the members of the team. The gift was a box of cigars, genuine Notre Dame cigars, prepared by hand perhaps half a century ago.

The scene that followed was a story without words. It often happens to youngsters at the daring age, when father lays down his half smoked five-center. At least three players were reported laid out on the campus, the result of puffing on the cigars aged in the years, instead of in the wood. Eye-witnesses report that several of the prehistoric cigars bloomed like a rose, until they finally became as so many burning bushes.

The surviving members of Corby's title

winning team paraded the Campus with a huge banner, and all honor was paid to the victor and vanquished in a spirited ceremony which rivaled anything that ever took place in the history of Interhall athletics.

John Noppenberger started on the mound for Corby opposed by Murphy of Carroll. The intense heat soon had its effect on both hurlers, and Noppenberger retired in favor of Johnny Nyikos, a South Bend boy, and varsity basketball player, while Murphy was replaced by Lyons for Carroll.

The errors chalked up in the field added color to the scene and runs to the score book.

The trophy of victory, a battered bucket, inscribed with the score, hangs on the porch, at Corby By the Lake. Cigars are not what they used to be.

AN ATHLETIC REVIEW OF THE YEAR

Football

"Outlined against a blue gray October sky, the 'Four Horsemen' rode again. In historic lore they are known as Death, Famine, War and Pestilence. But they are only aliases. Their real names are Stuhldreher, Layden, Crowley and Miller. They form the crest of the South Bend cyclone that swept down on the plains at the Polo grounds, Saturday afternoon, and pushed another mighty Army team over the precipice. Sixty thousand people were banked in the horseshoe stands gazing down in wonderment at the panorama spread out on the green field below."

Grantland Rice, popular sport writer of New York, christened Notre Dame's great football team with singular appropriateness. They came out of the west, just a band of



THE "FOUR HORSEMEN" AND THE "SEVEN MULES"

youngsters. Coach Knute K. Rockne, dean of the football directors, was gambling with fate, and the news was abroad that Notre Dame was a weak team, and had little hope of figuring in the illustrious football history made by their predecessors.

The "Four Horsemen" rode against the Army, and they rode against Princeton, Georgia Tech, and went west for the last and greatest ride against Leland Stanford on New Years day.

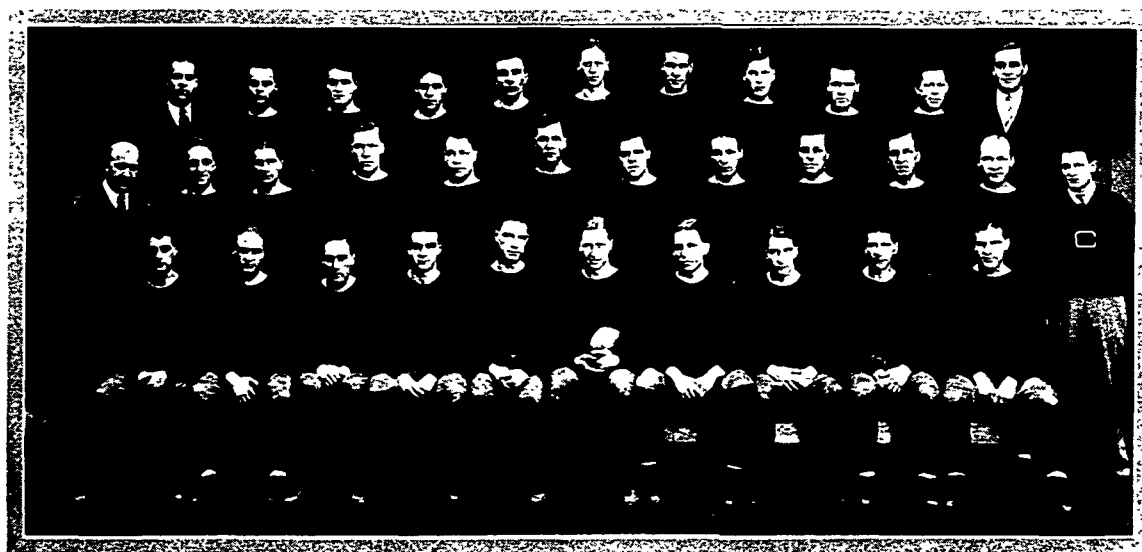
When the curtain fell on the most colorful football drama of all time, Notre Dame was crowned the national football champion of America, and twenty-three of Rockne's gridgers left the moleskins forever with a generous measure of undying fame. They came almost unknown and little sung. And now they are gone: Captain Adam Walsh, Noble Kizer, John Weibel, Rip Miller, Joe Bach, Charley Collins, Ed Hunsinger, Tubby Harrington, Charley Glueckert, and Joe Harmon,

This was Notre Dame's line, the forward wall that stopped the terrific charges of

Harry Wilson and Woods of the Army, Locke and Rhodes of Nebraska, McAndrews of Wisconsin, Wycoff of Georgia Tech, Baker of Northwestern, and Nevers of Stanford. This is the line that performed the greatest single feat in American football history—stopping Nevers of Stanford on Notre Dame's own 6 inch line.

And the greatest backfield of all time passed into history with the final whistle at Pasadena. It was Stuhldreher, Camp's choice for All-American; Crowley, "Sleepy Jim," who took delight in reeling off yardage with unbelievable speed; Don Miller, the elusive youth, who snared passes with neatness, and passed tackler after tackler.

Then there was the shock troop backfield of O'Boyle, Hearndon, Livergood and Cerney. Livergood and Cerney passed on with graduation. Max Houser also leaves, and in their stead are younger stars, pulsating with ambition and energy, tuned to the vision of gridiron glories.



THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONS OF 1924

Cross Country

Notre Dame's cross country team, captained by John Wentland, experienced a successful season over the hillside courses, and won the state title again.

—N D S—

Basketball

Notre Dame's basketball season, while not comparable to the football year, was crowned with a measure of success. Capt. Noble Kizer, and his efficient floormen, Crowe, Mahoney, Nyikos, Dienhart, McNally, Dahman, Conroy, Edwards, E. Crowe, Ley and Nolan, traveled from North to South and from East to West. Many of the hardest teams in the mid-west were scheduled. Against the star Indiana teams of Franklin, Wabash and Butler, the Irish did not have the sweets of victory, but the quality of opposition was a recompense in itself.

—N D S—

Baseball

Baseball followed soon in the wake of the court game, and Capt. Roger Nolan took his team south to meet some of the strongest nines in the southern conference on the training trip. Coach Keogan's men enjoyed

only a measure of success, which was no criterion by which to judge the Notre Dame nine, but a comparison of climates.

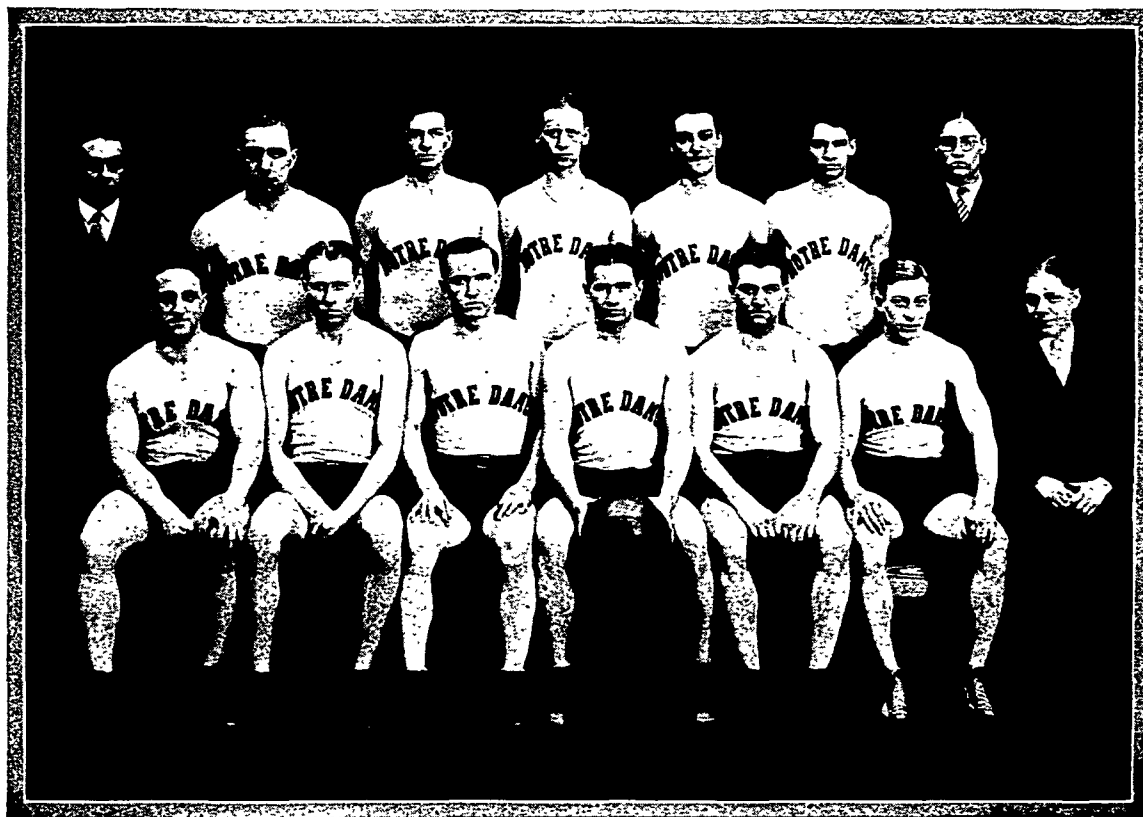
In the regular season, Notre Dame started off with a crash of victories. Silver, Prendergast, Murray, Moore, Crowley, Dunne, Farrell, O'Boyle, Smith, Pearson, and Quinn formed the crest of this spring cyclone. It lost its velocity however, and defeats began to appear in the records.

The team is composed entirely of juniors with the exception of Nolan. Coach Keogan brought out some sterling pitchers in Elmer Besten, Steve Ronay and Joe Dawes. Several other members of the mound staff were available on the relief list.

—N D S—

Track

Coach Rockne's track team reached the high point of the entire track season by winning the Indiana state track and field title for the eleventh consecutive time. Capt. Barr, and his teammates, Coughlin, Layden, Krider, Hamling, Riley, McDonald, Eaton, Judge, Masterson, Young, Nulty, Barron, Casey, Wendland, Dalmadge, Harrington, Casey, Sullivan, Frye, Gebhard, Milbauer,



THE VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM

Maxwell, DeVault, Cunningham, and Livergood, competed in all the major track classics of the indoor and outdoor season and won for themselves a fair share of the points.

Harrington threatens to become the new pole vault star of the country, but injuries, always reluctant to forget Notre Dame, impeded his progress to the record marks.

—N D S—

Minor Sports

The minor sport likewise reaped a portion of the rewards of athletic competition. The swimmers lost but one meet all year, and that an exhibition meet with Northwestern, national inter-collegiate champions. The boxers stretched their fighting arms to lose a close match to the middies at Annapolis, and another to Ames at Notre Dame.

The golfers under the guidance of George Ward went through the season undefeated, while contending with some of the best golf schools in the mid-west, including conference schools.

In tennis, Notre Dame came very near to possessing the national championship, with Frank Donovan at Chicago. Donovan was ousted from the running in the semi-finals by Kruzrock, Butler college star.

—N D S—

When the last athletic event of the year had come to an end, Notre Dame had much to be thankful for during the course of the year. Football of course led the field, as it leads the field in all college sports. Rockne developed a great team, characterized by its team work. Sound bodies and sound minds was his doctrine.

From the team of 1924 many players graduated into the coaching field, Adam Walsh going to Santa Clara college in California. Crowley went to Georgia university to help Harry Mehre, '21. Stuhldreher signed at Villa Nova, near Philadelphia, and Don Miller went to Georgia Tech as backfield coach. It is unusual in Miller's case: Tech signed the half back who had been the greatest worry to the Tech eleven in the past three years.

Charles Collins went to Chatanooga to help Frank Thomas, '21, and Johnny Weibel went to Vanderbilt. "Fighting Joe" Harmon took a position as head coach at St. Xavier's college at Louisville, Joe Bach signed as line coach at Syracuse university.

Clem Crowe, end on the 1924 eleven, has been elected to lead the Fighting Irish into the field next fall, on another great campaign. Crowe has played two years with the Rockmen and is well suited for his honored post. Prospects for next year are left to the imagination by Coach Rockne. Many new faces will be seen in the football line-up, many old men will be back in baseball and basketball. And as Rockne said at the close of last season, "We had a fair season." It was a fair season, the most accomplished feat in the history of American football.

And now they are gone forever—Notre Dame's greatest athletes.

—N D S—

The Iowa Baseball Game

Notre Dame's baseball team meets the University of Iowa nine on Cartier field Saturday afternoon for the last game of the season. The Commencement day encounter will also be the last appearance of Capt. Roger Nolan in college baseball.

Nolan has played first base for Notre Dame for three years and has been an outstanding performer each season. He has flied fast and clean and hard. His left hand activities on first base have been the bright spots in Notre Dame baseball for three years. Nolan is also a hitter and one of Notre Dames home-run kings. He comes from Davenport, Ia.

This is Notre Dame's second meeting with Iowa, the Irish having trimmed the Hawks in the first encounter 5 to 2.

Elmer Besten, Notre Dame's pitching ace will close his first year of college baseball hurling against Iowa, Saturday.

The rest of the Notre Dame line-up will be back for another year of competition and some players will return for two more years.

PRESENT MEMORIAL TO 1924 NATIONAL CHAMPIONS.

A student memorial to the Notre Dame football team of 1924, in the form of a suitably engraved bronze tablet, was presented to the University Friday evening June 5, by George Bischoff, president of the Students Activities Council, acting in the name of the student body. Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C. S. C., president of the University, accepted the memorial for Notre Dame. The ceremony took place on the main quadrangle during the course of a concert by the University band.

In a short speech of presentation, Mr. Bischoff stressed the thought of perpetuating the ideals which enabled the team of 1924 to fight so successfully. Father Walsh, in accepting the memorial, struck a similar note. He said that by the memorial, the loyalty, sacrifice and the will to fight against great odds, which characterized the national champions, would be carried to future generations of Notre Dame students and stimulate them

to heroic deeds. He added that the 1924 team was an excellent example of Notre Dame spirit and activity.

The singing of the "Victory March" and one final cheer for the national champions and another for their coach, Knute Rockne, completed the presentation ceremonies.

The memorial—in size 24x36—was designed by Professor Ernest T. Thompson, head of the School of Fine Arts at Notre Dame. It is mounted upon a wooden plaque. At the top of the tablet is a relief of a play: one of the Four Horsemen crashing through the line. Just below this is the following inscription: "Proudly to recall the men of the 1924 Notre Dame football team who won for the University a national championship."

Then come the names of the coaches, of the players and a list of the games of the 1924 season together with their scores. At the bottom is a small relief of Coach Rockne; and at each side of this, is another relief of a headgear, surrounded by a wreath of laurel, symbolic of victory.

All Toledo is Proud of the National Champions

TWO THINGS kept us busy last Fall—following with admiration the startling achievements of the Notre Dame Football Marvels and producing distinctive Jewelry. What Notre Dame is in football, we try to be in the making of Jewelry.

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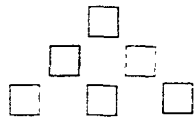
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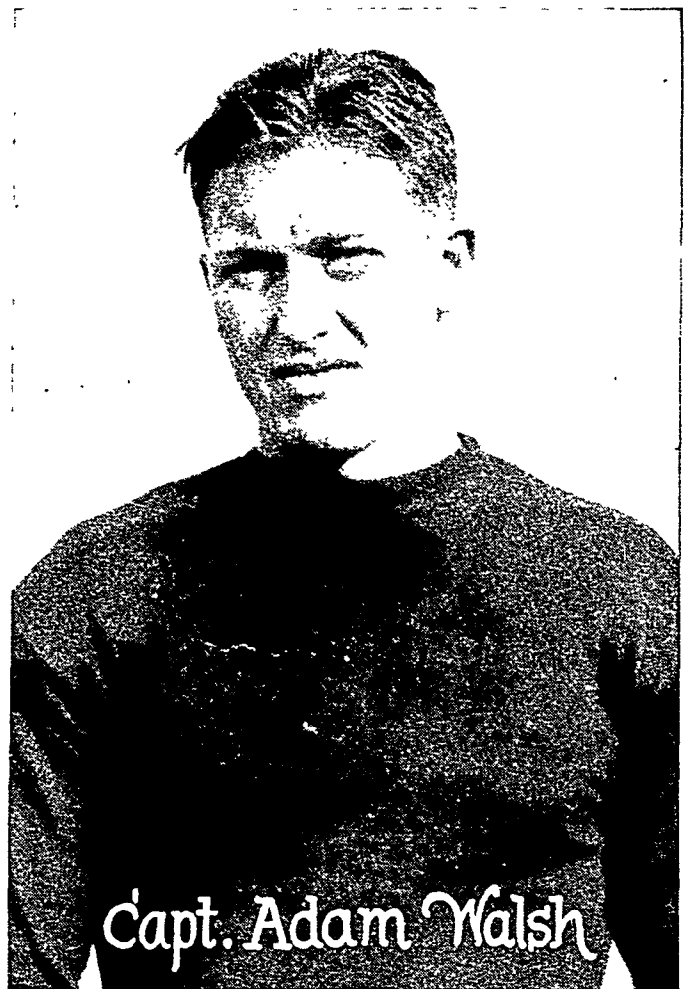
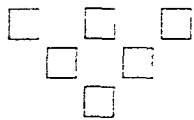
SMITH AND BAKER BLDG. : TOLEDO, OHIO



"BUD" BARR,
Captain 1925 Track
Team.



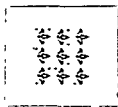
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Capt. Adam Walsh

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Classes of Notre Dame*

No matter how brilliant are painted the many episodes that appeared in the 1924 season of Notre Dame football, episodes of sensational victories and sterling individual performances, the historians who fifty years hence recount the deeds of the Fighting Irish will be drawn by a special force to the chronicle of the career of Adam Walsh, center and captain of the National Champions.

He will be looked upon till the end of time as one of the most ideal captains that ever led a Notre Dame football team. His unlimited courage and fearlessness combined with an unquestionable ability to play the game was the great factor that made Rockne's eleven the most united football team of the year.